

TEEN LUST CULTS: AMERICA'S GROWING PERIL

NEW MAN

35¢

SEX- HOW IT'S USED AS A
SECRET WEAPON THAT
CAN SPELL YOUR DOOM

CHAINED NUDES IN THE
MONSTER'S CRYPT

EXPOSED: THE WEST COAST'S
WILDEST SIN STRIP



MISSION FANTASTIC: SMASH HITLER'S CASTLE OF THE DAMNED



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to the tweed sovings your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D.W.C., c/o IPO, N.Y.

"My husband has tried many things, but he got a great deal of relief with Comate. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. Lee, Pauls, Ohio

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NEW MAN

FEBRUARY, 1970 VOL. 8 NO. 1



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SIX GOOD REASONS why you, too, should be an **ACCIDENT INVESTIGATOR**

IN a matter of weeks you can know exactly how to investigate the facts about an accident or fire; properly estimate the loss, then help distribute the millions of dollars insurance and transportation companies pay out every year to cover damages and injuries. For many men this is a golden opportunity to get into one of today's most exciting new professions, while there is still plenty of room at the top. 200 million accidents this year will require so many more trained investigators, starting pay and extra benefits can equal about \$8,000 a year!

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Dave Durant increased his income 50 per cent, soon as he became an Accident Investigator. Bill Waddell's company has given him a fair raise every year. He now has a handsome five-figure income. Anthony Allen, a college graduate and registered pharmacist, switched to Accident Investigating and almost doubled his earnings. Bob Pritchard reports companies in his area are offering qualified investigators as much money as college graduates are getting. Read more about these happy men and their exciting new careers in our FREE Brochure.

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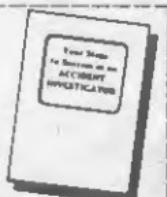
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ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

By RICHARD STEVENS

IF THEIR EYE-GLASSES GET FOGGED UP, it's got nothing to do with the smog. A group of San Francisco sociologists have come up with a unique new study. Their findings, after exhaustive interviews, keen observations and careful statistic-compiling: professional strippers are taller, hipper and heavier than most other American women. The researchers added that they have extremely well-developed busts, several approaching astronomical proportions. In what was described as the first sociological study of strip-teasers, three professors at Western Reserve University studied some 75 performers in clubs and theatres in major cities from Honolulu to New York. They found the professional stripper is lured to the career primarily by the chance for high income—from a minimum union wage of \$175 a week up to \$1,500 weekly for headliners. They're coming out with more statistics on strippers. But first they're making a thorough survey—all for the sake of science, they maintain.

LOCH NESS, SCOTLAND, THE HOME of the famous, age-old monster, may be called "Loch Mess" pretty soon. And all because of a plan being considered by the Inverness Council, to dump abandoned automobiles into the legendary lake. But the plan has its opponents. "Monstrous," said Councillor Alexander Mackenzie. "It is a stupid and foolish idea," he maintained when County Clerk Robert Wallace announced the plan for the highland lake. "Once you allow car dumping in the Loch," he said, "there would be nothing to stop anything else from being dumped."

THE FRENCHMAN USED TO BOAST THAT SEX was one subject on which he didn't need advice. But a Vienna author doesn't go along with that. In fact, the writer maintains the French are losing their romantic touch. So, he's offered a how-to-make-out-abroad book that promises the Frenchman success

from London to Istanbul. The book, "Passport Pour l'Europe Galante" (Passport to a Ladies' Man's Europe) is concerned mostly with tips on how to pick up locals. Author Yves Saint-Agnes tells the Frenchman traveling abroad for purposes of amour, "On presentation of your passport, you will benefit from the preoccupation that Frenchmen are excellent lovers. The only problem is that they're fast getting the reputation of being cultivated gentlemen." All through the book the non-French reader gets the impression that something has happened to French male confidence since the eastward marchers of Napoleon's legions.

LEGIONS OF LADIES ACROSS THE COUNTRY are doing it—the new look. The bra-less look. It's fast catching on in California, Chicago, on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City and on Manhattan's Madison Avenue. Women, tired of the bras that bind, are liberating themselves. As one young beauty put it: "Going without them is so much airier and less conforming." Many seem to agree that bras are hot, confining and altogether unnecessary. But if the bra-makers are worried, they're not showing it. They believe women will come back to the bra soon enough.

JOBLESS, THEY WENT TO THE TOP for help. Five ex-convicts from Naples, climbed among the statues on top of St. Peter's Basilica to attract attention to the fact that they've got no jobs. "Nobody wants to hire former jailbirds," one of them cried. "We don't want to steal and return to jail," another shouted. "We paid for our crimes, so please hire us," a third cried out. Still another shouted, "We haven't eaten in three days." Spotted by police climbing 100 feet off the ground over a giant statue of an angel which supports an 18th century clock at the front of the world's largest church, they were appealed to—come down. But they refused, for five hours. When they finally

did come down they were fed—and arrested.

A PACKAGE WHICH EMITTED a high-pitched humming sound was the cause of bafflement and concern for a little while at Kennedy Airport's post office. There was, it turned out, some reason for alarm. A tiny high-frequency transmitter in the box had been switched accidentally and it could have jammed the navigational instruments on the plane on which it was shipped, officials thought. The tone-producing device, it turned out, was nothing more than 30 battery-operated tooth brushes, packed together, bound for San Francisco. But before the mystery was solved, the airport resembled the outside of a building housing a wanted criminal: Dozens of police cruisers, fire trucks with bull-horns blaring and FBI officials were scattered everywhere. Even the bomb squad turned out.

A WOMAN TEACHER WANTS TO KNOW if all full-bosomed females, as she is, are forced to strip to the waist by U.S. customs officials, as she was. She made her inquiry to a Democratic North Carolina Senator after experiencing the ordeal when she landed recently at Dulles Airport near Washington on her return trip from Europe. The senator said the woman, whom he would not identify, wrote: "Being singled out solely because of one's physical structure, taken aside and asked to undress constitutes an indignity I find particularly offensive." The senator agreed, and wrote to the immigration authorities: "For myself, I would rather see one smuggler escape than have 100 American travelers stripped and searched on the mere suspicion that they might be trying to smuggle something past customs."

RULE ONE FORBIDS BICYCLE RIDING and rule two maintains that visitors don't bring their lunch. These are only two of the don't's governing behavior in any of the three city-run cemeteries in Brooklyn, New York. If you disobey, you'll be violating rules proposed by the Department of Real Estate, which took over the operation of several cemeteries from the office of the borough president. Rules and rates remain pretty much the same but under a section entitled, "Visitors and Others," the department advises that "dogs brought into cemetery must be kept on a leash," and said that "no firearms or guns of any kind shall be brought onto the grounds, except with the expressed permission of the foreman in charge. Horticulturists should also beware, since all persons are strictly forbidden to pluck or carry flowers, either wild or cultivated, out of the cemetery. And be again forewarned, the rules state, that the speed limit on the grounds is 10 miles an hour.

"It's amazing the set up you get in the accident investigation field."



**MEN URGENTLY NEEDED!
NO SELLING!**

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"I received a good starting salary—a new car, credit cards, expense account and insurance. It's amazing the set up you get in the Accident Investigation field."

Those are the words of a recent Universal Schools' graduate who went to work as a staff investigator for an insurance company. Before stepping into this remarkable field of opportunity, he worked in a factory. He had no experience in Accident Investigation, no college degree.

Yet, he made the jump from plant worker to professional man in a surprisingly short time with the training and help of Universal Schools. There are hundreds of such personal success stories in the files of Universal because...

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"My income has almost doubled."
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"I'm earning almost \$200 a month more."
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And that means security, solid security, for the man who trains now for Accident Investigation. He can look ahead to years of steady, exciting, growing opportunity with no fear of lay off, automation or recession. Good times or bad, accidents and losses will keep right on happening and trained men will be working to keep up with the demand.

3 Career Choices Open To Men Everywhere

1. Company Staff Investigator: As a full time company Investigator, you typically receive top starting pay, a new car, expenses, and free insurance program. Pay and benefits can equal up to \$9,000 a year to start! Salary reviews and chances for advancement are frequent in this fast-moving business.

2. Work Spare Time: Many Universal graduates keep their full time jobs and earn an extra paycheck every week by taking spare time assignments. Spare time earnings can easily range from \$200 to \$400 a month and more, plus expenses paid!

3. Be Your Own Boss: Start your own Independent Accident Investigation busi-

ness in your own home at virtually no cost. Earn up to \$1,000 a month and more clear. Some Universal graduates make up to \$8 an hour in their own businesses.

Free Book Tells How You Can Qualify

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HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

By Richard Lawrence

THERE ARE MANY ARGUMENTS against marriage, maintains Dr. Gabor Neussen, Ithaca, New York psychiatrist. But somehow, says the noted marriage counsellor, in time, even the wildest unmarried bed-hopper admits to boredom. This is because casual sex is almost always meaningless, and emotionally empty. It is also because the task of finding, meeting, courting, wooing and explaining oneself to a continuous stream of new women quickly becomes an exhausting chore. "I hear the same story from countless men," explained Dr. Neussen, "that sex with a variety of bed-partners loses its appeal when there is no meaning to it, no sense of any deep involvement more than the night's engagement, than the touching of muscles and nerve endings."

THE WIDELY HELD THEORY that there is a "sexual revolution" taking place on the nation's college campuses draws little support from a new survey. The survey, of the beliefs and attitudes of male seniors, freshmen and alumni, revealed that far from being promiscuous, most freshmen and nearly half of the seniors interviewed said they are either opposed to premarital sexual relations or believe they should be limited to the women they expect to marry. The survey was commissioned by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey as a public service and was conducted by the Roper Research Association. The Roper study sampled attitudes of 1,000 seniors, 500 freshmen and 673 alumni from 96 colleges and universities in all parts of the country. Two thirds of the unmarried seniors and half of the freshmen reported that they had had sexual experience. Less than a third of the students approved of casual sexual activity.

ACCORDING TO A SURVEY BY *YOMIURI*, one of Tokyo's big three daily newspapers, it's the little things that keep Japanese husbands and wives happy. When their wives accept their pay envelopes and say "thank you";

when their wives and children see them to the gate and wave good-bye as they leave for work in the morning; when their wives graciously give up their favorite TV programs so the husband can watch his favorite; when their wives use old clothing and scraps of cloth to make things for themselves and their children; when their wives buy shirts, socks and ties for them; when their wives let them sleep late Sunday morning instead of taking the children to amusement parks; when their wives arrange and observe such family events as funerals and take care of such chores as sending greeting cards and presents; and when their wives don't complain if they spend half their salaries on drinking "and other things"—or if they stay out most of the night. Wives feel happy, the survey indicated, when their husbands remind them their favorite TV program is on the air, give them small presents; share the loot if they are lucky in a drawing or contest; go shopping with them; speak highly of them to friends and relatives; they know their husbands need them, the husbands say they look younger than other women in their age, their husbands take them out to dinner, and when they smile at them.

HUNGARIAN SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR ANDRAS KLINGER told a conference in London recently that abortion is the world's most common method of birth control and about 30 million are performed each year. He said the proportion of abortions to live births is about the same whether countries have strict or liberal abortion laws.

ACCORDING TO NEW YORK CITY PSYCHIATRIST Theodore Rubin, the lovable woman knows that sex plays an extremely important role in her husband's life. His ability as her lover will largely depend on what she teaches him about what gratifies and pleases her. Only then, maintains Dr. Rubin, can he take over as a good lover. Her knowledge that her husband demands absolute

sexual exclusivity, no matter how liberal he pretends to be. He will keenly resent any flirtatiousness on her part. The lovable woman is interested in winning only his attention and not a popularity contest. She also knows that her husband responds to affection just as she does. He needs and enjoys hugs, kisses, presents, the interest she shows in his life and work. She knows how much he appreciates her as an interested listener.

OUR NATIONAL SEX HANGUPS fall into two categories, according to Dr. Mary Calderone, director of the Sex Information and Educational Council of the U.S. The first, she maintained, is the obsession for physical sex. "If you can just have a certain number of orgasms at regular intervals you will be a fulfilled person—and all you need to be a fulfilled man or woman is the marriage ceremony and this will guarantee the orgasms that, until that moment, have been repressed." The physician, a pioneer in sex education, said that both concepts were false because "they place on a physical act the whole burden of happiness." She suggested that if adults continued to peddle sex on a wholesale basis without moral guidelines, today's "very honest generation" might eventually repudiate the use of sex as a tool to manipulate them.

ALL THE TALK OF A SEXUAL REVOLUTION is just that—talk, according to scientific observers. At the latest session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held recently in Washington, D.C., medical men maintained "There has been no 'sexual revolution' strictly speaking, rather more a continuance of long-existing trends." Dr. Paul H. Gebhard, director of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University, described results from a survey among nearly 1,200 college men and women. There is a definite trend, especially among young women, his survey concluded, for the first sexual intercourse to be a pleasurable event; college coeds continue to equate their first sexual intercourse with love, whereas men continue to be opportunistic; newer contraceptive devices do not seem to have prompted any rise in the percentage of women having intercourse before marriage; use of birth control devices doesn't seem to lead to increased sexual activity so much as to increased enjoyment. The study, conducted under direction of Dr. William Simon of the Institute of Bloomington, Indiana, brought out that compared with a generation ago, "It is clear that the enormous difference between how males and females view their initial partner has changed very little. In brief, females surrender their virginity to males they love, whereas males are much less emotionally involved."

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TOPS IN ADVENTURE READING



"The American Aces of World War II and Korea," by W.N. Hess, Arco Publishing Company, (Illustrated) \$2.95; From 1937, when pilots were being recruited for the American Volunteer Group in China, to the last victory of the Korean War, on July 27, 1953, a select group of men accepted the challenge of the skies. Lieutenant Edward

or painting a picture, or doing embroidery; it cannot be so refined, so leisurely—courteous, restrained and magnanimous. A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another." The student was Mao Tse-Tung, who later became the tough and successful leader of a 15-year-long guerrilla war. Editor Rejai has distilled from Mao's scattered writings his most essential conclusions, beginning in 1927 and ending with the Cultural Revolution in the spring of 1968. Rejai is associate professor of political science at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

"The Seekers," by Jim Stearn, Doubleday, \$5.95; LSD, marijuana, heroin, trip, hooked, addict have become household words. But few have heard of words like chromosomal aberrations, hepatitis, disorientation. There are some of the harmful effects of drugs. To get his story, prize winning reporter Stearn interviewed hundreds of drug users in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto, Miami, Washington and New York. He talked with doctors, social workers and addicts' relatives. He visited Timothy Leary at Millbrook, New York and talked with groups at Synanon. Throughout the book, one point rings out loud and clear. Drugs are harmful and can provide no easy answers to problems. All solutions must spring from our own inner resources.

O'Hare's feat of downing five Japanese bombers on February 20, 1942, made him the first Navy ace and won him the Congressional Medal of Honor. The first jet ace of Korea was Major James Jabara who racked up 15 MiG's in two combat tours. The book is replete with men and their stories. It also incorporates American aces in the RAF.

"Mao Tse-Tung on Revolution and War," edited by Montaft Rejai, Doubleday, \$6.95; In 1927 a 26-year-old librarian student wrote "A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay,



of us. Where do we want the human race to go? What do we want it to become? Some possible ways of approaching these vital questions are given in this eye-opening new book."

"The Phoenix and the Mirror," by Abram Davidson, Doubleday, \$4.95; One of the best authors in the sci-fi and mystery fields has punched out a powerful fantasy novel inspired by the legend of the dark ages which saw the poet Vergil as an all-powerful sorcerer. The climax pits Vergil against the demonic powers of the Phoenix, the great bird which rose reborn from its own ashes. Davidson is probably the only living author who has won both the "Edgar" and the "Hugo" awards for mystery and sci-fi fiction.

"The Sport of Queens," by Dick Francis, Harper & Row, \$5.95; Did you know that jockeys leave their smiles wrapped up in handkerchiefs in their dressing room? Francis says they don't ride wearing false teeth because they may be easily dislodged, lost or even swallowed. The autobiography is chock full of them and other vicissitudes in the life of a jockey.

"Such Women Are Deadly," by Leonard Gribble, Arco Publishing Company, \$3.50; It has often been said that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." To prove the point, master criminologist Leonard Gribble has collected and written the true stories of thirteen sensuous and lethal women, as varied a selection of Eve's erring daughters as it is possible to imagine. Some were highborn ladies, some creatures of the gutter. Their motives for murder were as mixed as their styles of dress and their individual outlooks on life. Some killed for gain, some for hate, some for the temporary satiation of blood lust, some even in a twisted way for love. But sluts and ladies alike, each deliberately and coldbloodedly destroyed human lives and each achieved dark fame after her death. Simon Deschamps, a dowdy little French dressmaker whose depraved sexual instincts were awakened by her sadistic doctor-lover, butchered his wife with a horn-handled knife. Jeanne Weber had a strange obsession with strangulation. She was found dead in the asylum where she was confined after killing seven children, her fingers locked tightly around her own throat. Belle Gunness owned a farm with a most peculiar pig pen—the dismembered bodies of at least twelve men and women were found buried under it. Belle herself disappeared and neither she, nor the money she stole from her victims, were ever found. The true stories of these three and of the ten other women told here demonstrate that feminine softness and gentleness are sometimes a myth and that a woman can be as deadly as any son of Adam.

"The Prometheus Project: Mankind's Search for Long Range Goals," by George Feinberg, Doubleday, \$4.95; Biologically predetermined babies? Computers whose intelligence is superior to our own, intellectually and creatively? All these things may be possible within the near future. Do we really want them? How shall we cope with them? Feinberg is a young physicist who believes that the decisions modern science is forcing upon us are far too important to be left to scientists—or to governments. The responsibility rests on each

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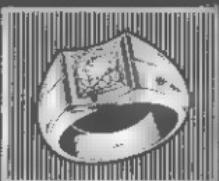
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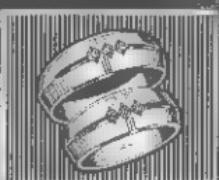
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I DISCOVERED HITLER'S SUPER SECRET SIN GIRL CASTLE

Alone I'd blasted my way into the Nazi bastion of nameless terror and passion.

BY LARSON YOUNG as told to BOB SHIELDS



THE citadel at Trischen looked especially forbidding through the periscope of a British submarine. The pile of ancient masonry rose high and scraped low scudding clouds. The structure dominated the island at the mouth of the Elbe and my SIS superiors in Washington had reason to believe that what went on behind its thick walls determined the successes and failures of Hitler's war machine.

It was my job to find out whether or not their suspicions were well founded.

I didn't like the assignment. I was to spend 48 hours on the island, with only one means of escape available in the event I was detected.

The "escape route" was taped to my forearm, a rubber-coated "L" tablet. Lethal.

The instructions that went with it were quite clear. Upon my capture I was to use it. I was not



The Nazis were closing in too fast. Alone, I might have taken the easy way out, but I read what was in the women's eyes and knew that we'd have to keep fighting for freedom.

to be taken alive. Not under any circumstances. A rubber raft was inflated. The skipper and a few sailors watched as I paddled towards the island. Seconds later the sub submerged and headed for safer waters. It would return in 48 hours; I hoped I'd be there to meet it.

The island's rocky coastline afforded good cover for the raft. I moored it to a huge crag in a small inlet, then dried my .45.

Moonlight splashed a ghastly pale light on the castle's northern face. Bats circled the towers like moths around candles. There were no signs of human life, but I didn't take any chances. I hugged the rocks lining the surf until I reached the dark side.

I saw something here that our reconnaissance couldn't have spied because of the almost perfect camouflaging. A natural looking inlet was actually a canal which disappeared under a rock shelf. Above the shelf was the castle. The waterway was wide enough for a U-boat.

Half my job was done. I'd found out how deliveries were made; now all I had to do was to make sure the placer platinum was here. Once I established the fact that this was the clearing house, the bombers could take over.



Cloudine fell into my arms, aware that her warm embraces wouldn't alter my position or force acceptance of her plans.

I made my way up to the base of the huge fortress and began a search for a way in. So far I'd seen no one, nor had I heard the sound of voices. It was strangely silent. Even the normally violent North Sea seemed hushed. I found a doorless opening, pressed myself against the wall and listened. It was as quiet as a tomb. Satisfied that it was reasonably safe, I went in.

I penetrated the darkness for fifty feet, entered a dimly-lit hall and at last heard voices. The languages were Spanish and German. I heard a reference made to Colombia, the only platinum producing country not at war with the Reich. Somebody mentioned the Choco Pacifico Company. I had enough evidence now and didn't have to actually see the smuggled platinum to know it was here. I'd back-track, lay low among the rocks and wait for the British sub to return.

A door opened. Two Nazi soldiers appeared at the far end of the hall and walked towards me. I couldn't make it back. I kept to the shadows and moved deeper into the castle. The men were engrossed in their own conversation and didn't see me. But I had to find a place to hide until they passed. Besides, there was always the danger of my getting lost in the maze of halls and passageways.

The one I was in now, in fact, seemed endless. Suits of armor stood on pedestals. Ancient weapons hung on the walls and there were rusting catapults cluttering the narrow hall. The soldiers were gaining on me. I had no choice but to accept the first opening I came to.

I slipped into the darkness beyond the hall and flattened myself against the cold stone. Sweat beaded on my forehead. I held my breath. Jack boots clomped louder and louder, then faded. I sighed deeply. My muscles relaxed. I didn't like them this close. I had to get to the safety of the rocks and without delay.

"You are here to enjoy yourselves, gentlemen. Please do."

The voice was strong and vibrant and sounded as though it was not more than five feet away from me. I froze against the stone wall. More voices came through the darkness. A woman screamed and that was followed by laughter. The sounds beat against my ears — even the sound of liquid being poured into a glass was distinct. In trying to evade two soldiers I'd walked into a nest of them. I turned, but saw no one. I was standing on a parapet or ledge that circled an enormous room. Voices continued to bombard me and in looking over the edge of my perch I realized that I'd been the victim of acoustics.

Far below were German officers and men in civilian clothes who were obviously South American. I counted five young women carrying food and drink to the men. Guards were stationed at every door. They faced the group and held their rifles at port. I didn't understand the reason until a few minutes later.

My gaze wandered to something more interesting. Platinum. Cubes of the gray-white metal were stacked in the center of the room. It was native or placer platinum panned from streams in the manner that Klondike miners panned for gold. The black market price for a four-and-a-half-inch cube weighing sixty-six pounds was \$154,314.60. There was a fortune here, and enough of the stuff to keep the German war machine running.



Right now this Kraut was the only one who stood in my way. But my chances of escape mounted with every second.

equipped and maintained for more than a year. I backed away from the edge. There was no question now that the castle had to be bombed as soon as possible. Delay could be disastrous. The metal had to be destroyed before it reached the mainland.

I started to leave the ledge when a scream ripped through the air. It bounced and echoed off the flat stone walls. I looked down again and saw one of the men struggling with a woman. His hands moved over her body. She beat his face with her fists and managed to break away. He reached out and grabbed her skirt. She pushed forward doggedly. The man yanked hard, tearing the skirt off. She screamed again and, mindless of her near nudity, raced to one of the doors.

A guard was waiting. He extended the side of his rifle and shoved it against her chest. She fell back, clawing at the pain. Her pretty face was twisted in agony and fear.

Another woman tried to escape. The soldier on guard drove the butt of his rifle into her stomach. She doubled up. An officer grabbed her and dragged her back to the table.

The other three turned away as one of the civilians knelt beside the first woman and ripped off her blouse. An officer laughed. "You have been at sea a long time." He clapped his hands. "The rest of you, take a woman. Enjoy yourselves."

Chairs scraped. The three women screamed and ran in different directions. Nazi officers and civilians broke up into small groups and chased them.

The guards at the door stood tensed, ready to smash the first woman who tried to get by them. One by one the women were caught. Their screams were pitiful. Because of the amazing acoustics I could hear their sobbed pleas. I could hear the material of their clothes being ripped and the hushed, thoroughly frightened gasps of, "No... don't... no..."

I didn't stay any longer. I'd seen more than I could stomach. Evidently, the Nazi officers were U-boat personnel and the men in mufli were Colombian smugglers. They were celebrating closing the deal for the platinum and had undoubtedly made arrangements with the smugglers for another load.

I slipped into the hall and started the long walk back to where I'd entered the castle. But again I ran into trouble.

A soldier appeared fifty yards ahead of me. I ducked behind a coat of mail. He stood for a moment, undecided about what he wanted to do. I crouched low, feeling panic rise. It was harder to get out of the castle than it had been to get in. I watched him, knowing that if he came this way it would be all over for me. We were too close. I couldn't run without being seen and the coat of mail was hardly ample as a hiding place. Chances were I could take him, but the way this fortress was constructed everyone in it would hear the scuffling noises.

I caught sight of a door

(Continued on page 42)

SEX • THE THAT WILL

By DANIEL MORSE

A lonely girl in Washington—A middle aged tryster in New York—
■ deviate in London — They have never met. Yet their illicit affairs are intimately related in a master plan of annihilation.

A HIGH powered car speeds through Rock Creek Park. A pretty young girl lets her head fall to her companion's shoulder. His hand leaves the steering wheel, rests momentarily on her knee, then moves slowly upwards. She sighs deeply, savoring the moments of ecstasy to come.

In a sumptuous New York apartment, a middle aged man drains his highball. He stares in frank appreciation at the willowy, expensively gowned woman who moves across the room with panther-like grace. He feels the perspiration forming a thin film over his lip. He knows it is absurd for him to be in such a situation. Here he is middle aged, the father of two teenage daughters.

Yet his companion has moved through the door into her bedroom. He can see her doing all the feminine things which men dream about. She walks across his line of vision. The dress has disappeared. Her body is sheer perfection, clad as it is in the wispy strapless bra and the cobwebby black panties. He staggers to his feet and closes the gap between them. Her body is warm and vibrant in his arms. He doesn't think about his age or his family or anything else.

In Downing Street, a slimly built man leaves a forbidding looking building. He walks slowly through the thick fog. Other footsteps ring out. He is no longer alone. His companion walks silently alongside of him. Their hands touch briefly. "I knew you would come, George," he finally whispers. "I'd be desolate if you didn't."

These things are happening while you sleep securely in your own bed. They are little innocuous events which occur in the life of any city or town. But put together they can conspire to set the time and place of your death.

What do the clandestine meetings have to do with you? They represent the cynical and ruthless operation of the International Comintern. In each case

one party to the illicit relationships has been selected for a specific reason.

The girl in Washington holds a middle level Civil Service position. She has been cleared to handle lower classified material.

The man in the apartment overlooking New York's East River is a member of a foreign mission to the United Nations.

One of the homosexuals moving furtively down Downing Street holds a position with the British Government.

Each has little information of great importance at his disposal. However when all of the reports of the literally thousands of Communist Agents have been sifted in the Kremlin, even these little tidbits provide a portion of the mosaic of espionage and betrayal which in reality is your death mask.

The recent scandals which shook the very foundations of Britain's Conservative Government gave dramatic proof of the way the Communists have used sex as a major weapon in their international arsenal.

While there appeared to be no link between John Profumo and the Russian Agent who patronized the same "model" as Mr. Profumo did, the threat to the Western World was no less severe. Perhaps it was merely because of fortuitous disclosures that the incident did not become an international disaster.

From the fact that Christine Keeler entered into several lucrative deals concerning the sale of her memoirs, it can be seen that the twenty-one-year-old self styled model was not exactly adverse to money. This weakness, coupled with others on the part of all parties concerned in the hijinx of a group of English influentials, could have assumed catastrophic proportions.

The Profumo scandal was bizarre. But it was not typical of the type of trysts which become matters of security rather than morality.

Usually, those who tend to (Continued on page 54)

SECRET WEAPON SLAUGHTER YOU



In this prolonged cold war you are likely to find battlegrounds in the deepest of places.

EXPOSE:

WAY OUT KICKS OF THE COFFEE HOUSE

By R.

Even their love-making is an act of rage. These are the unwashed, the angry ones who have found a bright new Mecca for the misfits.

What was once talked about only in whispers is now flagrantly on display in the streets where normalcy has become a scorned word.



By R. P. WITHERS

SEX CULTS

SHE undulates along in stretch pants that show the impression of a small mole on her left hip. He rubs a dirty sweat-shirted sleeve across his scraggly beard. She turns into a little hole in the wall whose chief claim to fame is a tarnished coffee urn. He snaps his fingers, rises to his sockless, sneakered feet and follows her in.

This little vignette is the mating dance of the great unwashed in major cities from New York to San Francisco and back again. It is flagrant sex. It is phoney intellectualism. It is exhibitionist behavior at its worst. And it is only the outward manifestations of the sex aberrations which are cultivated and satisfied in the murky depths of the current crop of anti-socials. *(Continued on page 70)*





Only death could ransom the
lovely victim from the monster
who demanded all beauty pay
its agonized tribute to him.

THE KIDNAPPED NUDES IN THE CASTLE OF TORMENT

She lay utterly helpless in his massive arms.
Now, as he brought her to the red coals in the
brazen brazier, she would find an even greater terror.

By HAVEN INCIRLIK

LYDENHAM castle stood perched on a massive outcropping of white rock above the town of Lydenham. The locals were quite proud of the castle and its owner, their lord, James Agnew, Lord of Lydenham. From the castle on top of the high rock one could see on one side the town and peaceful country-side around it and on the other side the bleak splendor of the North Sea. Only from the narrow slit cut into the rock could anyone see the cave. And only from inside the cave, and then only occasionally, could one hear the screaming.

But there was none but Lord Agnew and his men who knew of the caves, or heard the screaming.

One moonless night in July, 1880, a small boat pulled into the inlet and disappeared in the mouth of the cave — as it had so many times before.

Lord Agnew had been watching the boat as it

slid silently into the cavern, and now he turned from the casement and walked to his dressing table. He studied for a moment his reflection in the glass. The face he saw had once been handsome, and would be even now but for the lines etched there by cruelty and the flesh paled and decayed by unnatural lusts.

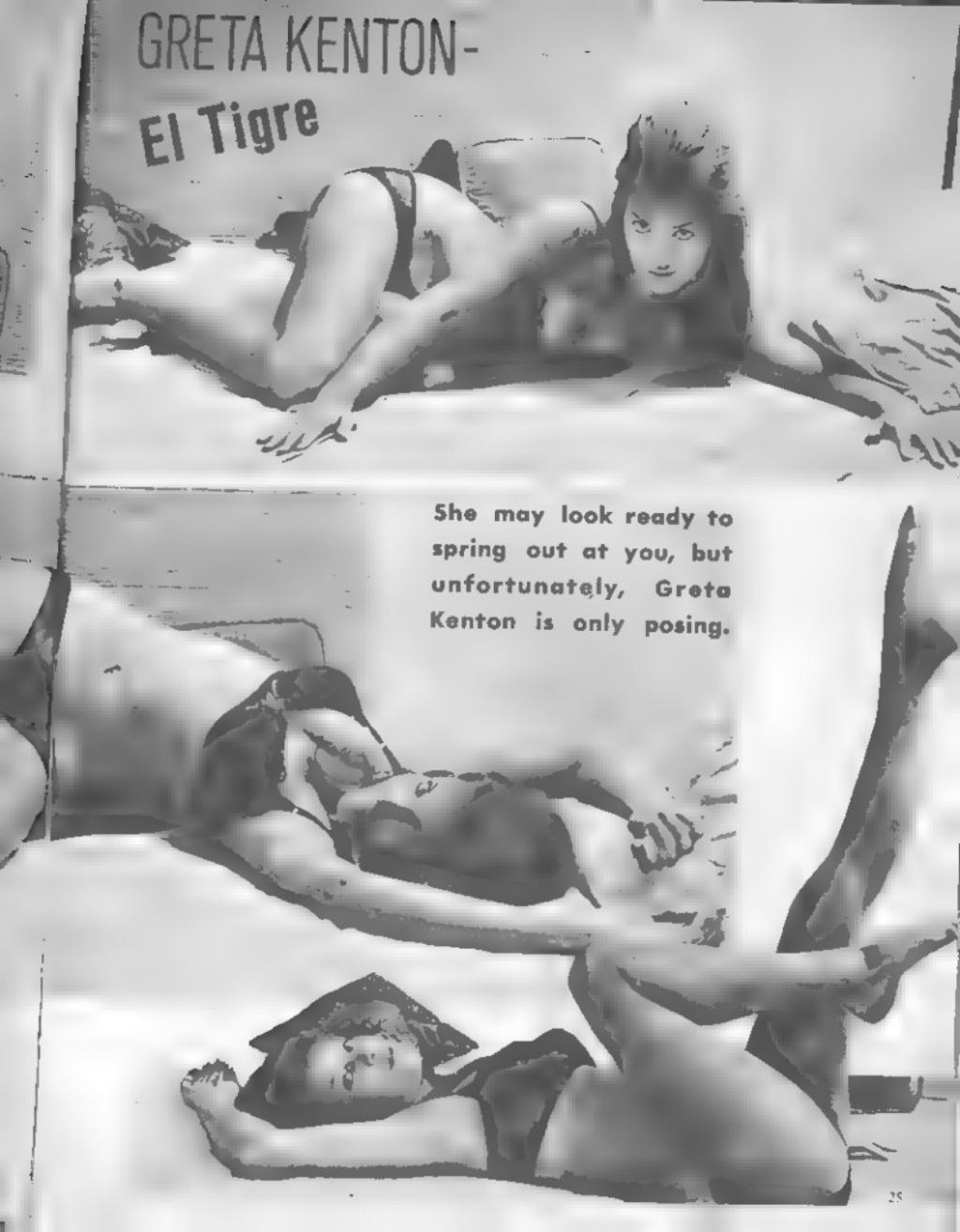
Slowly, watching himself in the mirror, the Lord of Lydenham began to dress himself. It would be a long night.

Far below, in the catacomb-like dungeons beneath the castle, two men moved along a passage carrying a bulky sack between them, while a third lighted the way with a torch. They came at last to a large oaken door ribbed with iron bands. The man with the torch fumbled within his rags for a moment and then brought forth a heavy bronze key. He unlocked the door and swung it open. (Continued on page 37)



GRETA KENTON-

El Tigre



**She may look ready to
spring out at you, but
unfortunately, Greta
Kenton is only posing.**

EXPOSE: AMERICA'S WILDEST SEX STRIP

By L. R. O'CONNOR

It's "way out drag" where anything goes as long as it gives kicks.

A motion picture starlet was observed breaking away from her escort and performing an impromptu striptease in a Hollywood park one night. She was finally corralled by her escort, completely nude, and hustled into a waiting cab. It was not the usual publicity stunt because, while the starlet was recognized, her name was never used in reporting the incident. Fear of the inevitable law suit kept the coverage reduced to generalities. You will note that the city of Los Angeles, which just about envelopes Hollywood on all sides, was not mentioned.

One established starlet was just reported by a local columnist as having thrown a considerable party. The next morning intimate items of women's lingerie were to be found scattered all over the place. The party occurred in Beverly Hills.

A proof of the mythical quality of Los Angeles could be found on the corner of Sunset and Vine. Ask a number of passersby this question: Where do you live? There is no doubt that a number would return a sharp look. Others might pause long enough to threaten to call the police. Of those who would answer the replies would supply such information as, "Me, I live right here in Hollywood. Oh, I live in Sherman Oaks. I'm from Canoga Park. I live in Reseda."

Not Los Angeles.

There is a highly publicized rumor that Chavez

Ravine, the ten million plus romping grounds of the Los Angeles Dodgers, where another lovely star is reported to sit for each home game with the big eyes for a certain Dodger player, is located in Los Angeles. You would never prove it by the forty thousand fans who turn out to see the Dodger games, or the five thousand fans who turn out to see the Angel games. If you were to ask one of those fans where he was from, he would angrily retort, "I'm from Redondo Beach—and how the hell do I find my way back to my car?"

Disneyland hosts thousands and thousands of people each season. Do you think you would ever find an Angeleno among the hordes? Nor would you at Knott's Berry Farm, Pacific Ocean Park, Griffith Observatory, or the La Brea Tar Pits. The Angeleno simply doesn't exist.

The truth is that the great horde of people living in the area bounded on the north by San Fernando, on the south by Long Beach and Santa Ana, on the east by Upland and Ontario and on the west by the Pacific Ocean are part of a staggering complex of over three million people which is without parallel anywhere in the world. Where else is it possible to have a disastrous forest fire raging in the heart of town—or an earthquake—which triggers thousands of frantic calls and knots telephone service for hours? A landslide—which tumbles fifty thousand dollar

Sin and depravity have become the goals for the worshippers of the "new and different" in art.



homes down mud cliffs and periodically gouges out gaping sections of a busy coastal highway? A flood which buffets cars into raging drainage canals and disgorges lifeless bodies at points miles away? Or a nightly weather forecast which includes a smog pollution index? And all at about the same time?

THIS Los Angeles myth bears looking into because at its present rate of growth it will pass New York within the next two decades as the nation's largest city just as the state of California already has done as the population center. No population survey is accurate because thousands pour into the area each month. A short trip on any freeway will turn up license plates from every state in the union and most of them only awaiting replacement with an expensive California tag — for example, fifty dollars for Ford Falcon of new vintage. Continually mounting taxes do nothing to discourage the influx; a crippling cost of living standard deters no one.

What is this mass of humanity beneath the Southern California smog and sun? The shortest answer is that it is everyone from everywhere — including Bombay, India and West Berlin, Germany — yet hardly anyone from anywhere. You lack identity in Southern California. You lack place and substance. You can buy a piece of property and build a home in Santa Monica, if you possess something over fifty

thousand dollars, but it will be yours for many years before you can say with solid conviction, "My home? I live in Santa Monica." The reason for the rootless feeling is that too much is happening too fast to too many people. There hasn't been time for strong ties to be sunk. It is little short of a fluttering, whirling madness.

If you decide to live in the Los Angeles area you will delightedly discover that the things you can do are limitless. It is possible to ski in the morning and swim in the afternoon. It is a matter of something like a hundred and fifty miles of driving from Mt. Baldy, for example, to Hermosa Beach. Or you can take tequila (with lime, amigo) in the morning in Old Mexico and martinis in the evening at Robaire's in Sherman Oaks. The two libations would be about two to three hours' driving time apart. If you didn't get killed on the coast highway on the way back — a single crash cost eight lives. There is trout fishing in the mountain streams to the east, deep sea fishing in the ocean to the west. You can with naked eye easily see the haze-shrouded peaks of the San Gabriel Mountains on the one hand, the disappearing, iridescent blue of the Pacific on the other.

The trouble is if you live in the Los Angeles complex you mostly don't do much of anything. When the weekend comes, you are so depleted by the tensions of a week of

(Continued on page 39)

THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF DOTTIE GIBSON'S PASSION TORTURE LURE

McCauley thirsted for the lovely wanton's silken caress but she hungered for a terrible vengeance.

BILLY SHEPARD'S hands lingered in interesting places while he frisked blonde little Dottie Gibson.... she had a figure that none of the other women in Spencer's Gulch, a mining camp in the Sangre de Cristo range of southern Colorado, could even come close to.

"Keep those hands moving!" the rich mine owner Frank McCauley, who was sitting at his desk, bellowed. "All you're supposed to do is see if she's got a derringer!"

"I just wanted to be sure she ain't also got a Arizona toothpick," Shepard whined, shifting his tobacco to the

other side of his mouth. His face was dripping sweat.

"All right," McCauley said, convinced that it was probably a good idea to look for a knife, too. He didn't think Dottie suspected that he had killed the man for whose murder her husband was going to be hanged—but he couldn't afford to take the chance.

Dottie didn't have either a derringer or a knife so McCauley told Shepard to go outside. "What's this urgent business you had to talk to me about?" he said, turning to Dottie. "If it's about Sam there ain't a thing I can do."

(Continued on page 46)

By DEAN W. BALLINGER





She let the water splash near McCoolay and watched him he screamed for one little drop
For her, the torture was beyond mere revenge

BURNED ALIVE IN THE DEVIL'S ICE FIELD

Searing flames force us ever closer to the numbing water.

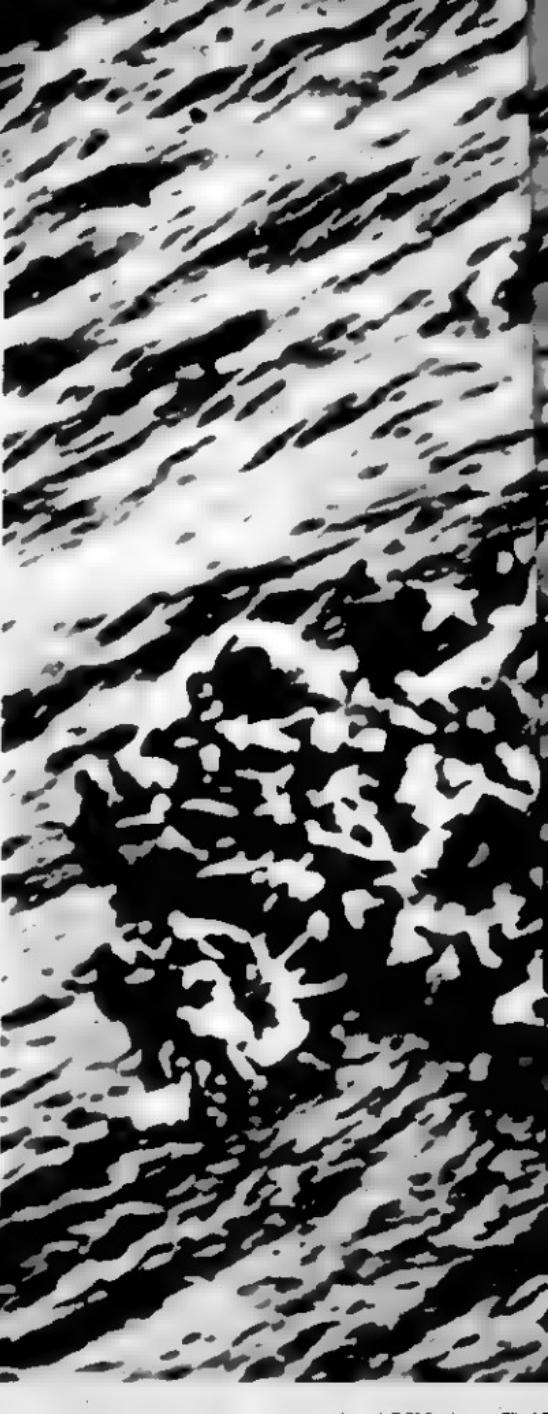
By PETER MARKS

GALE winds rip sheets of water from white crests and shoot them flat and the spray freezes before it smashes across your face like a thousand needles.

You wear six pairs of socks and four or five sets of heavy underwear and still you shiver as the icy blasts lash you against ice-packed bulkheads.

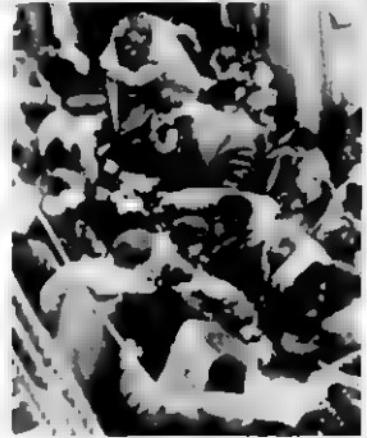
Icicles form on your nose, chin and ears. Your oilskin freezes solid. You don't touch metal with your bare hands because you know you can get a

(Continued on page 62)





Admiral Doenitz' innovation was the Wolf Pack, a group of U-boats which struck fast and submerged only to pop up in another area and strike again.



I cater to the wild ones; the guys who've got too much of everything including ideas a college student should have. And when they leave me, I hate myself for what I've done.

"BABY! Baby! You'll ruin my dress!"

Lloyd eased up the pressure. By now my skirt was twisted around my waist. I struggled to my feet. Lloyd reached into the top drawer of the battered desk and pulled out a couple of new paper cups. He watched me speculatively. I knew he wondered what was coming next.

I might be a tease. He couldn't be sure I wasn't. There are enough technical virgins running around the campus to give a lusty young male cat fits.

Yet he had a lot of things going for him. I'd agreed to stay in the house while all the others had taken off for the Inter-Fraternity Council Ball in the gym. Chalk one up for Lloyd. I hadn't been bashful about tossing down Jack Daniels straight. Chalk up two for Lloyd. I'd let the petting get hot and heavy without any protest. Chalk up three for Lloyd.

Still I could penalize now for illegal use of hands. It wouldn't be the first time he'd run into the big stall.

(Continued on page 60)

SIZZLING SISTERS - CONFESIONS OF A FRATERNITY



He's a love-starved fraternity pop.
I've forgotten more than he'll ever
know. Yet I come to him, driven by
a need for more demanding than his.

Y ROW TRAMP

by Donna Loring

A DELIGHT FOR THE EYE



When Jesse Parker made her film debut, her visible charms—
40-24-35—and her acting ability won for her a whole raft of fans.



Jesse has already proved that she can be funny on screen; now she wants to show directors that she can emote with sincerity.



KIDNAPPED NUDES

(Continued from page 23)

The light streamed in and glittered against the foulest collection of instruments of torture a diseased mind could create. The Iron Maiden was there, and the rack; the Wheel of Death and the Seven Steps to Heaven, a coffin-like box with sides that fit over different parts of the body. When the victim was bound helplessly down, hungry rats were put in the bottom compartment. Rarely did a victim survive the Third Step.

These, however, were but a small part of the collection, for the fiend that had gathered them together possessed a diabolical ingenuity along these lines. Torture to him was a fine art. The rest of the collection was composed of devices that Lord Agneu had constructed himself: both variations on the older devices and totally new instruments designed to torture the body and destroy the soul.

It was one of these devices that Lord Agneu would try out tonight: a new invention just completed in the castle ironsmithy.

When the lord had finished carefully dressing himself he left his room and descended the wide stone staircase to the great entrance hall. Entering one of the small chambers adjoining the hall, he walked quickly to a large, ornate display case, containing halberds, maces, and other instruments of war used by his ancestors. He twisted one of the decorative knobs on the case and it swung aside, revealing a narrow passage that descended into the natural rock on which the castle stood. Closing the secret door behind him, he went down to the dungeons.

WHEN he came to the torture chamber his three henchmen had already unloaded their burden. The sack lay discarded on a bench and its human contents, a slim young girl, stood trembling in the center of the ill-lit room. Her long brown hair cascaded down her back, partially concealing the thick leather bonds which held her wrists securely tied behind her slender waist. Her brown eyes darted from side to side in panic, as she tried desperately to understand the situation she had been thrust into. The tight bodice on her dress constricted

her rapidly rising and falling breasts as her lungs tried to bring more oxygen into the fear-stricken body.

"What are you going to do to me?" Her voice rose to a shrill cry as she gazed at the instruments of torture and guessed their meaning.

The Lord of Lydenham fastidiously brushed an imaginary piece of lint from his dark blue vest before answering.

"You have been chosen to aid me in an important experiment. I must apologize for the crudeness with which this has been carried out, but there were other, more important, considerations." He turned to his henchmen. "All went well, I trust? No unforeseen complications?"

"We were unseen, Milord. The girl was walking, quite alone, by the water." It was the largest of the three, a six-foot-seven, barrel-chested man who spoke.

"Very fine, indeed even commendable. Well," the lord rubbed his hands together and licked his dry lips, "Let's get on with the test."

The girl was shocked with a total mind-numbing disbelief. The whole thing was like a particularly horrible dream. This was the seventeenth century — nobody used torture any more. And besides, torture was only for people who had done something wrong; and she had done nothing.

Lord Agneu carried on a running commentary of description and solicitous advice to the girl as he and his evil assistants prepared her for his heinous device. "This is something of my own design," he said as the girl was led to a large iron box stapled to the floor with massive iron bands. "You are to be the first one to test its efficaciousness," he said as a giant hasp was released and the top of the box slowly opened on silent hinges. "We will do our best to keep you conscious the whole time so that you can completely respond to all of the sensations and emotions created by my little apparatus."

Roughly he reached out and ripped the flimsy dress from the girl's quivering body. For a moment he glanced at the lovely form thus revealed — the proud, firm breasts, the narrow waist, the muscled, tapering legs — but then

he turned away abstractedly while his assistants thrust the girl into the coffin-like cage of iron and fastened the chains, for even the beauty of a girl such as this could not bring him back to the world of normal desires.

"Prepare the steam!" he shouted.

A strange device was now wheeled over to the iron box where lay the softly moaning girl. Into a large cauldron of white-hot charcoal had been set a metal globe with a hose leading from the top of it. The hose was about six feet long and ended in a nozzle with a handle and a control valve. At the lord's direction water was poured into the globe and soon the nozzle began to hiss like a cobra.

Lord Agneu picked up the nozzle and leaned over the edge of the box, looking down at the terrified girl. "With this hose," he remarked, a smile playing about his lips, "I can direct a fine stream of boiling steam at any part of your body."

He pointed the nozzle at a spot a few inches below her left breast and depressed the valve. The steam spurted out like an arrow.

The girl shrieked.

Again and again her cries rebounded from the grey stone walls, until Lord Agneu released the valve and the boiling horror stopped. Gradually the girl's shrieks descended into hysterical weepings.

"This will never do." Lord Agneu was fretful. "Why, the girl has hardly any tolerance of pain at all! At this rate she won't last an hour." With a glare he turned on the leader of the henchmen. "Couldn't you do any better than this? Swine, you'll earn the gold you get from me!" Without any warning he swung the nozzle up and released the stream into the face of the giant peasant. The man screamed and his hands went up to his eyes. He turned and tried to run but his third step brought him crashing up against the dagger-lined door of the Iron Maiden. He screamed once, and then slid slowly off the now-reddened knives and sank silently to the floor.

"You two!" The Lord of Lydenham turned to the remaining henchmen who cowered in the flickering torchlight. "Go out and find me someone else for my entertainment, and make sure she's stronger than this one." Lord Agneu gestured at the iron box where the girl, her eyes glazed and dull, strained against her bonds.

JAMES Agneu was born in Lydenham Castle in 1842. He was an



only child. He was brought up in comparative peace and security in a very troubled time. The plots and counterplots that abetted among the nobility during his childhood had little effect in a country estate far from London. The only thing that Lord Agnew, James' father, did that could even be faintly considered against the Crown was to indulge in a bit of smuggling now and then—an old family tradition.

James learned while he was young of the secret passages beneath the castle leading to the concealed inlet. He would go downstairs and watch as his father set out in a small boat with a few men for the coast of France. He would wait on the castle ramparts for sight of his father's boat returning, loaded with French silk and lace being smuggled in to avoid the customs duties. He was a quiet child, and well liked by everyone that met him.

When James was nine he broke his hip in a riding accident that kept him in the castle for the next two years. He grew very bored with his confinement and searched for new ways to amuse himself. One day, while playing in the secret passage, he managed to open a long-unused door. He found himself in the old dungeon rooms. He explored the area thoroughly, his active imagination re-creating the scenes of the days when his ancestors had kept prisoners in the dank, unlit cells.

James appointed himself warden of his imaginary prisoners and came down every day to take care of them. He filled the old lanterns and cleaned up 150 years of dust. In the process of cleaning, he found the keys to all the dungeon rooms. It was a short time after when he first opened the door to the torture chamber. The rusted instruments of pain and terror that he found inside fired his already-overactive imagination. He spent many hours fixing the ancient implements of torture and making them again fit for use. All of his imaginary scenes began to revolve around this one room until it became a fixation.

When James was well again he still spent much of his time in this room. His mother had died the year before, and his father was too preoccupied to notice his son's morbid interest. The very walls of the room started to talk to James in his mind, and he was fast losing the distinction between the real and the imaginary.

"Get me blood," the room would whisper. "I must have victims." James hurried to obey. At first ani-

mals of the field satisfied the need for blood. Hares and hounds and an occasional fox bled to death between the teeth of the iron maiden, or yelped in agony as they were stretched on the rack. James quickly became inventive and devised his own tortures, to the approval of the whispering walls.

JAMES was sixteen when his father died and he became the Lord of Lydenham. He quickly found several henchmen, toadies and bullies who had an innate desire to watch agony and pain in others. James, now Lord Agnew, fostered and encouraged this lust in his assistants. He had been aware for some time that the walls would no longer be satisfied with the yelping of animals; they must have the screaming of human beings. Somehow Lord Agnew knew that his torture rooms would prefer women victims.

The evil group soon hit upon a way of satisfying their unnatural diabolic craving. They used the boat in the secret cove to go on raiding expeditions up and down the North Sea coast. It became noticed that women were disappearing in towns as far as 100 miles away, but no one area was hit very often and there was no central authority capable of correlating the information and pinpointing the cause.

Lord Agnew's first human victim was a tall seventeen-year-old girl with golden blonde hair. He put her in the wall rack and had the ropes tightened until the pulleys on the ceiling squeaked. The screams of the girl were a maddening music to his warped brain. When she became unconscious he revived her with cold ice water and started whipping her tautly-stretched body until she reached a new crescendo of screaming. Her fair skin and firm, milk-white breasts became laced with a patternless multitude of welts and thin gashes. The blood flowed freely over her tortured body. For the first time Agnew felt fulfilled. He took the heavy, leaden end of the whip and started beating her with it in a frenzy of excitement. The tight ropes stretched her pain-racked form, pulling even farther apart as her bones broke and her joints separated from the heavy beating. After several horrifyingly loud screams, which reverberated down the stone corridors, the girl fainted again.

Lord Agnew released her and, laying her on the floor, poured buckets of ice cold sea water on her again to revive her. She came to briefly

when the salt water touched the open cuts on her mutilated body, but her eyes quickly glazed over and she went into a coma from which she never recovered. She died within the hour.

James Agnew, the hereditary Lord of Lydenham, resolved that from that time on his subjects would last much longer, and would stay conscious to the end. He soon became adept at the necessary techniques.

The years passed, and with the passing of each one young girls vanished into darkness, never to be seen again.

The young lord began to gather from all parts of the world a vast library of pain and horror: texts on the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition elbowed for room with treatises on "amusements" in imperial Rome. Paintings by artists of great skill and little moral worth portrayed scenes of torment that might have taken place in Hell.

Lord Agnew studied these abominable books with the energy of a scholar and the glee of a lunatic; and as he studied he began to feel that the tortures of which he read were very repetitive and unoriginal. Why, he could think up better ones than some of these! Well then—why not?

Yes, this was it! He would make this his life's work. He would be known as the King of torture. He would—his mind raced with ideas. He would be the greatest fiend the world had ever known!

He began to study the human body with the devotion of a doctor, and he learned which parts were the most sensitive to pain, and how much could be done to a person while yet keeping him alive. In the course of time wandering craftsmen—that one in metal, that one in leather—were brought to the castle to construct the devices the lord required. Since Lord Agnew desired that none should know of his activities, the craftsmen were then thrown from the battlements into the moat.

Rumors floated like dirty fog through the town nestled beneath Castle Lydenham; but no man made so bold as to say what all knew, that the smooth-faced lord was a monster. For men who spoke against the Lord of Lydenham soon spoke no more.

ONE night the men of the village had found a girl who had disappeared a few days before, on the eve of her wedding. She could not speak, and even as her husband-to-be wrapped her naked flesh about

with a cloak she made a supreme effort and raised her arm, pointing toward the castle.

Then she collapsed, an inert mass of mangled flesh.

As she was lowered into her grave the next afternoon, he who had loved her swore vengeance. He went off in the direction of the castle.

He was never seen again.

With the passage of time the invincibility of Lord Agnew became more and more the dreams of a demon; but still he was not satisfied. He wanted an instrument of torment with which he could control exactly the locale and intensity of the pain.

Now, with the invention of the steam-torture, he felt that he had succeeded.

Lord Agnew stood before the girl in the iron box and toyed with the nozzle of the steam apparatus. Her screams had stopped, and now she was whimpering softly to herself.

"My men will be gone for at least a day," he said. "They cannot perform their little services for me too close to home. You will have to amuse me until they return." He put the nozzle down and went over to the box. He examined the girl's body with the care of a doctor. Her skin was red and burned severely from the steam, and there seemed to be internal injuries from the pressure of the jet hitting her body.

"I feel I should apologize to you for my inability to bring about your eventual death in the manner that I promised to you," he said to the girl, who was only semi-conscious, "but I can assure you that you will find the next day or so very interesting."

The girl slumped, and her head dropped forward, as her tortured body took refuge in complete unconsciousness.

THE madman standing in front of her grabbed her hair and jerked her head up. "Pay attention, damn you," he shouted as he slapped her repeatedly in the face. He slapped her until he was in a complete rage, but she would not come to. He looked up at the bare walls and listened intently for a moment. "Yes," he said to the air, "that's a good idea." He left the room for a few minutes and returned with a bucket of ice-cold sea water. He dashed the water on the girl. Her body went suddenly rigid and her eyes flew open.

"For the love of God — no more! Kill me now if you're that inhuman, but no more torture."

Lord Agnew laughed like the

maniac he was: a long, screeching, terrible sound. "Kill you now?" he laughed again. "That would never do. Then there would be no one to amuse us for a whole day."

"Us?" The girl looked with terrified eyes around the dark chamber.

"Yes, my little delicate pet — us. My room and I. My beautiful room that has given me so much pleasure and taught me so much."

The girl's eyes widened. "You're mad!" she whispered.

"You doubt me?" He laughed again, and she shrank back into the box that held her captive, as far as she could get. "I will show you what my precious room has taught me." With an insane gleam in his eyes, he ran across the room to the far corner and picked up a pair of long iron pincers. The light from the lanterns in the wall glinted off of the razor-sharp tips of the diabolical instrument as he carried it across the room. The girl shivered as he held the iron claws in front of her face, and then screamed again and again as he applied his diabolic device to the tender skin of her breasts and thighs. She fainted again, all too soon for the pleasure of the evil Lord of Lydenham castle.

"You are too delicate," he murmured to her unconscious form. "I will dispose of you now and go back upstairs to my reading. The new girl will be here soon to test my beautiful machine. How should I kill you?" He paused to listen to the voices of the walls. "Yes!" he exclaimed. "That is ideal!" He turned

to his steam machine. With a frenzied, impatient air, he heaped charcoal onto the fire until the plates of the boiler were white-hot. "I will cut you in half with the stream from my little toy," he chuckled to the inert form in the iron box. "Are you ready? Fine! Then now!" He lifted the nozzle and aimed it at the girl's mid-section.

With a roar that could be heard in the distant town, the device, overheated beyond all tolerance, exploded. The torture chamber was filled with superheated steam and iron shrapnel. When the townspeople came to investigate the fantastic noise it took them many hours to find the secret passageway in the deserted castle. When they found it, and went down the narrow stone passage to the torture room, they discovered the bodies of their Lord and an unknown girl, scorched and maimed almost beyond recognition.

They were still in the castle a day later when the two henchmen returned with still another girl. The implements of torture in the room were put to good use in extracting long and detailed confessions from these two men before they were put to death. The girl was sent back to her native town.

Since that day the title of Lord of Lydenham has remained vacant: James Agnew had no heirs, and the King wished never again to bestow the evil title.

END

WILDEST SEX STRIP

(Continued from page 27)

freeway driving — a hundred miles a day to work and back — that you don't even want to look at your car. Without that car you are dead. Anything you could possibly want to see or do is at least sixty miles away, through the most ruthless maze of traffic an opium maddened mind could imagine.

THE stories on record about Los

Angeles freeway driving are endless. Each day more are added. One of the classics concerns a middle-aged man who drove from the midwest to visit relatives. Blind luck was with him because he got into town and to the correct address with hardly any trouble at all. Lulled into a completely groundless sense of security, he set out by himself the next day to look the town

over. What happened was duly reported in the *TIME*s and the *EXAMINER*. He got hopelessly lost on the freeways. Frustration was followed by rage, by bewilderment, by fear, by panic. The man drove his car on to an escapement, got out, slid through the vines down an embankment, hailed a taxi and headed back to his relatives. The police checked out the car and traced him down. He wouldn't even go to the police garage to recover the car. One of his relatives drove the car all the way to San Bernardino, some seventy miles eastward, before the man would again take the wheel. Don't laugh — it could happen to you.

Freeway accidents generally involve fatalities. The rate of speed in six lane, skumly packed highways

is in excess of sixty-five miles an hour. One driver was ticketed and fined for doing a laggardly forty-five miles an hour on the Hollywood Freeway. Cars do not just brush against one another. They hurtle divider strips and crash head-on, or they soar out over embankments and ricochet to oblivion. Four people and six people at a time are slaughtered. Even the freeway patrolman is not immune. He is constantly being struck by a passing car as he prepares to issue a ticket to a speeder he has just stopped.

The Hollywood influence dominates only those who are of Hollywood or who aspire to its twinkling lights. Hollywood has lost much of its older magic all across the country. It has lost much of it at home as well. The motion picture premieres still draw crowds, although not of the former milling, screaming kind. The far greater crowd stays at home and even ignores the fact that the premiere is being shown on television.

It is not difficult to me a Hollywood personality in person. It can be done readily enough while taking lunch on Hollywood or Sunset Boulevards, or particularly out on La Cienega, or ambling down the streets of their Palm Springs playground. But who cares? If you are not stagestruck yourself, you don't much give a damn. If you are stagestruck, you will haunt the Hollywood environs, working at less than a starvation wage at whatever menial job you can turn up. You will be waiting to be discovered. And you will wait and wait and grow older and older. Hardly any are called and fewer are chosen. There are thousands of Lana Turners, every bit as talented and even more excitingly endowed physically; there are thousands of Vanna Edwards, every bit as handsome and certainly more pleasant. They aren't going anywhere, except to the bitter end of the saddest street of all, Dream Street.

The oddballs make it interesting. Recusives are turned up periodically in city parks. Religious groups build private sanctuaries and come to the attention of the public as the later result of adultery, rape, or assault and battery. Publishing firms produce more so-called smut literature than any where in the country. Nude and pornographic pictures are taken and sold by the hundreds of thousands. Wife-swapping rings are turned up. Figure model studios are closed down. A wife shoots her husband and is given probation. A no-

and wife shoots her husband and her lover. Weightlifters of tremendous physique are accused of raping a fourteen-year-old girl in their hangout at Muscle Beach. The police are accused of dragging a young woman out of her Pasadena home in the dead of night clad in nothing but a transparent nightie. The Airport Commission adjudged one of the finest in the country Mayor Yorty asks the Commission to resign. Governor Brown says the state is in the poorest financial shape in its gold rush days of 1944. Richard Nixon and the state was going bankrupt. A group of Muslins attacked members of the Los Angeles Police Force. A prominent educator said in court that Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" was a work of merit with no redeeming literary merit.

THINGS go on in Southern California. Five million visitors passed through in 1962 and left behind 742 million dollars. Freeway extensions and additional freeways are in constant construction. The cost of the projected system will be \$10.8 billion. Completed in 1960 miles of freeway; under construction are 278 miles. There are 333 contracts in force at this writing, calling for expenditure of \$300,523,500.00. Huge, new, modernistic buildings spear skyward along opulent Wilshire Boulevard. In 1963 \$4.2 billion was spent on construction, far out-pacing other states. The NBC studios, landmark at Sunset and Vine, prepare to vanish into rubble. Major movie studios bear new names, such as Revue in place of Twentieth Century.

One thing alone seems untouched, the human individual and his capacity to do the unusual or extraordinary under the California sun. It matters not his birthplace. In California he achieves an unpredictable and generally somewhat spectacular personality.

It was just a short while ago that the city authorities were fighting to convict a girl who started a new life in Los Angeles, a lovely figure model. The police filed a resorting charge against her. Convict her they did, but the state supreme court threw out the charge on the grounds that the resorting ordinance duplicated a state statute already in effect. It seemed that she might go free because the state and the city couldn't agree upon who wrote the hot law governing prostitution. Then a typical thing happened. The city authorities again picked her

up, but that time they caught her fluorine delete, with her pants down. She admitted to the second charge of prostitution but explained, "I was forced into it to get the money to pay the lawyer who defended me against the first charge."

A city judge was indicted on several counts of using his office to induce women to permit him access to their favors. He was caught in a motel room with a woman who had just appeared in court before him. His later plea was that he was just serving as a private investigator checking on narcotics traffic in his jurisdiction. He had not informed the local police department of his activities because he didn't trust them. He was asked in his court appearance if he thought a motel room was a seedy place to conduct an investigation. That question was never answered satisfactorily. The jury threw out two of the three indictments. The judge, who had held office throughout the trial, finally resigned. The third indictment was quietly put to rest. A couple of months later announcements were sent around by the ex-judge that he had returned to private law practice. He failed to state whether he would continue private investigation work on the side.

THIS police broke into a private home one night, in the Montecito Park area, and found a nude couple indulging in love play in a huge rubber wading pool in the middle of the living room. Seated on a convenient sofa were several spectators who had paid a suitable fee to witness the aquatic endeavor. The police were able to develop that the activity was one regularly performed for a fee. The police never did reveal their tip, but it was presumed it came from some disgruntled customer who felt that he never really got his money's worth.

A nude woman was reported in the GLENDALE INDEPENDENT as riding a bicycle down one of Glendale's quiet residential streets one afternoon. The man who did the actual observing was in the midst of moving his lawn. He stopped his work and appreciatively watched the calm passage of the cyclist. As she disappeared from view around the corner it occurred to the man that the woman's conduct had been something outside of the norm. He then went into the house and called the police. The police cruised the neighborhood for a period of time and found no trace of the woman. That closed out the episode and appar-

rently the woman's bike riding, regrettably.

The latest wife-swapping fraternity was turned up in San Bernardino. It involved about ten couples. The moving force in the group was a man in his late fifties. The tipsters turned out to be a young couple who had entered the group unwittingly. When they discovered the precise nature of the fraternity they promptly got in touch with the police. The wife of the man given most of the credit for the organization later told the police that, "I guess I probably need to be examined."

An interesting one or two hours can be passed most any time standing on a corner along the Gay Way, upper Hollywood Boulevard. The homosexuals stroll arm in arm, hand in hand, chatting in feverish, high-pitched voices. There are many times when, as a normally sexed stroller, you wonder if you are not out of joint with the world. There is naught around you but skintight trousers and mincing walks. It is only when you pass old Pawnee Bill, with his flowing moustache and beard and Western garb, that you are reassured. Pawnee Bill, by the way, is a Hollywood Boulevard fixture. It is to be imagined that he sometimes scratches his head and says to himself, "The west was never like this."

The gay ones really merit a second or third paragraph. The appearance is that they have made the Los Angeles area their national capital. They bloom in profusion throughout Hollywood, but their rosebud lips and pansy personalities are in candid evidence everywhere, from Burbank to Pico Rivera. Even Glendale, heart of the bible belt, is open territory. Two of them recently had a simply terrific hair-pulling match right on the corner of Broadway and Orange, practically in the heart of the downtown area. What has drawn them to the locale is the generally free approach to life, along with the fading glamor of Hollywood and the burgeoning glitter of the television industry. A good many of them occupy minor roles in show business. A few of them have established positions in the film industry. No television musical production would be complete without several of them in dancing roles. Others are content with the clothing industries and the vast beauty parlor operation.

Of one thing be certain, the gay ones are there, replete with res-

taurants and watering spas which extend all the way out to Palm Springs. There is a spot in downtown Hollywood, two in Los Angeles proper, one in Studio City, in Venice, Pasadena, Santa Monica, Long Beach — well, the list is endless. In those places, everyone will be out for a gay time of it, from the bartenders to the owner, excepting, probably, the frequent plainclothes observer.

The nellies don't hog the whole show. There are gathering places for those who like their sex with an extra kick but still prefer to divy up the sexes. Those places are found in widely scattered areas, but for the visitor with a limited amount of time to spend in searching the out it is advised that Vermont and Western be traveled. Vermont and Western angle generally north and south through clustering community after community. A good clue would be to look for Vermont in the area of the major freeway traffic. There is a place at that location which does a standing room business six nights a week.

There is something to distinguish the bar the instant you enter the doorway. It is the atmosphere of exuberantly unrestrained conviviality. The Peace Corps couldn't touch it. Colored man rubs shoulders with white woman; oriental chats amiably with caucasian; homosexual plays shuffleboard with heterosexual. There is something for everyone, someone for anyone. You do not stand lonely at the bar for very long. Someone will approach you with conversation or an offer to buy a drink. From that starting point you proceed on down the line until you find what you are looking for. Sprinkled around in the booths and along the lengthy stretch of bar you will see couples. What are they doing there? It could be anyone of several things. They might be seeking another couple of their particular preference, a little wife-swapping for the night, or they simply may want a stalwart to service the wife, or a homo to attend the husband, or a lesbian to ravish the wife. The single woman you find along the bar also will have her assorted proclivities. She may give or sell her services to the wife, to the single woman, or to both husband and wife. It does get complex.

The Los Angeles environ offers more than its share of opportunity to live the good life, the cultural life, the athletic life, the social life

THE one thing least certain is Los Angeles itself. Its evanescence is demonstrated in the story of the man who stepped out of a downtown Los Angeles tavern, right around the corner of Sixth and Spring. He was somewhat under the spirituous influence, but not really enough to face a harsh penalty. Two police officers — they travel in pairs down there — stopped him, one officer laying a mild detaining hand on his arm. Thinking they might set him off for home in the right direction before he succumbed further, one of the officers said, "Do you live around here?"

The man indignantly jerked his arms away and said, "No, I don't live around here. I live in Huntington Park."

That may or may not prove that there really isn't a Los Angeles. It does prove one thing: nobody will admit to living there. To that extent Los Angeles is a myth. END

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SECRET SIN GIRL CASTLE

set into a small crevice. I'd missed it before, but now I didn't wait. I reached it before the German made up his mind. It opened quietly. I slipped inside and listened for the sound of his boots.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

I whirled. My hand swept the gun out of its holster. I leveled it at a young woman lying under a sheet. She stared curiously. "You are not German."

I shook my head, put the gun back into the holster and listened at the door. The soldier apparently was still in the corridor.

"Are you a spy?"

"Shhh!"

She got off the cot, holding the sheet in front of her and stood behind me. She was French. Her large dark eyes were tear-stained and swollen. She started to speak again. I clamped my hand over her mouth.

Someone was coming from another direction now. The hall was filled with talk and the shuffling of feet. The woman drew me away from the door and pushed my hand down. "You are a spy. How did you get here?"

"Shut up!"

Her fingers went to her lips. "American!" Her eyes widened. "You have a boat waiting?"

I ignored her. My attention was on that door. If my time was up I was going to take a few Nazis with me. I shoved the woman away.

Two soldiers stood near the door and chatted. I drew my gun. I'd blast my way out of here if I had to.

"They will not come in. The guards are being changed now. You are safe here." She approached me and touched my arm. Our eyes met. "You can trust me."

We heard a scream. She winced. Another scream followed quickly and she shuddered. "Those beasts will keep it up all night." She drew the sheet tightly around her. "Take me with you."

"Forget it."

I took in the room. There was no other way out. Cots and bunk beds, lined up in dormitory style were the only pieces of furniture. The air was heavy with the aroma of perfume.

"This is what they have done to me."

I turned to look at her. She dropped the sheet and stood naked. Her body was covered with lacerations and bruises. "They will kill me, Monsieur. Others have died here. Their bodies float in the North Sea—"

"Her voice

rose as hysteria took hold. I pressed my hand over her mouth. She sagged in my arms. I carried her to the cot and then covered her nakedness with the sheet.

THERE was still plenty of activity outside. I paced back and forth. The only safe place for me was in among the rocks at the shore. But getting there was a problem. Another problem was getting the R.A.F. bombers over here before the platinum was ferried up the Elbe River and into the heart of Germany.

"Take me with you, Monsieur."

"No."

It was quiet outside. I turned the doorknob slowly. I needed only a sliver of a crack to see two guards posted in the hall. I shut the door and cursed under my breath.

"Two men to guard one woman?"

I growled.

"I told you many have died here. They walked into the sea rather than—" She turned her face into the pillow and sobbed.

I sat down on a cot and tried to figure a way out. Every so often we heard a woman scream. The French girl clapped her hands over her ears to shut out the sound. Hours passed. I'd been unable to come up with a solution.

"Why aren't you down there?"

She looked up at me. "I'm not pretty enough tonight." Tears rolled onto the pillow. "They will use me again in a day or two, when the U-boats come down from the North Atlantic."

She didn't have to say any more. A submarine could slip into the canal and surface under the castle. Its love-starved crew could then avail themselves of women and liquor for one night and be back in action the next day.

A sudden commotion in the hall startled me. I got up and plunged into a closet. The door was opened. The woman I'd seen earlier was being herded into the room by a fat-faced German officer who seemed displeased. "You will be better the next time—do you hear me? You will be cooperative with our guests."

He slammed the door behind him and directed his attention to a tall, Nordic type woman who held the strands of her dress to her bosom. The flat of his meaty hand caught her flesh on the cheek. She sank to one knee.

"You will stop trying to escape. The

sooner you accept your fate the happier you will be."

The blonde buried her face in her clothing. Her shoulders heaved.

The Nazi went to the others, slapping and berating them for their mistakes. By the time he left they were all sobbing into their pillows.

M Y presence didn't make them feel any better. The French girl explained that I was an American and that they would hide me here until I could get out of the castle. The tall blonde shook her head. An olive-skinned Italian girl spat, "What do you think will happen to us when Schenck finds out?"

"What more can happen to us, Dorie?"

The blonde saw beyond the immediate situation. She sat up on the cot, eyeing me suspiciously. "What will happen when you are away from here?"

All eyes were on me now, waiting for my answer. It was a tough question to dodge. I decided not to pull any punches with them. "This place will be destroyed."

"You see, Claudine? Still want to protect him?"

"Only if he promises to take us with him."

"Impossible!" I snapped.

Dorie went to the door and put her hand on the knob. "Which will it be?"

I pulled the gun out and jammed it into her bare midriff.

Claudine leaped off the cot and jerked Dorie away from the door. "The American does not bluff. He does not expect to leave her alive."

"How do you know that?"

"His arm has a poison tablet taped to it. I felt it before. He is desperate."

"But if he does escape it will mean our death."

The French girl shrugged. "We will die anyway. Perhaps bombing will be quicker."

The blonde stood up. "You are a fascist, Claudine. I say we tell the guards."

"And do those pigs a favor? Never!"

The blonde started for the door. She was joined by two others who shared her opinion. I moved in front of them. "Get back!"

"Do as he says, Karen."

The tall girl looked at my gun, then at me. Her face went scarlet with rage, but she said nothing. She returned to her cot and stretched out on it. "I will tell Schenck tomorrow."

Pretty soon the woman settled down and went to sleep. I selected a cot at the far end of the room and sat on it so that I faced the door. I kept the gun in my lap. Claudine joined me, curling up under the sheet.

"Karen will do what she says."

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"I'll have to take that chance." She sizzled in close for warmth. She kept the sheet drawn up to her chin, but extended a bare leg. "I don't think you will. After all, it is easy to lie. It will keep her quiet."

I'd already contemplated doing that. The ruse would last only until tomorrow night when the women were brought down to the main hall to entertain a U-boat crew. The guards outside the door would be relieved until the women were brought back to this room. During the interval, I'd sneak away.

Claudine raised the sheet so that we were both under it. She took my hand and drew it to her soft stomach. I pulled away. "It won't work."

She smiled sadly and shrugged. "I tried." She dropped her head on my shoulder. She was off to sleep in a minute. Even though the door was locked from the outside, I spent the night taking cat-naps because I didn't trust Karen and Dorie. Both were frightened enough to do anything rather than incite the wrath of the Nazis they called Schrank. And they were wise enough to know that they were not included in my plans.

In the morning I made the announcement that when it was time for me to leave I would take all of them with me. It was a blatant lie but I had to do it to keep Karen from informing on me. They crowded me, pumping questions, their eyes bright with hope. I hated myself. I couldn't look at them. I feigned annoyance and brushed them away.

They were like children now. The horrors of last night and the countless nights before were swept away by a few words. They embraced each other. Three actually broke down and cried for joy. I glanced at Claudine. She saw the misery written on my face, then lowered her eyes.

Most important, though, was Karen. She was astounded. She came to me red-faced and ashamed. "Forgive me."

"Don't worry about it."

"You don't know how I've wanted to escape. You heard Schrank last night—"

"Okay, okay, forget it!" I snapped at her.

She and the others gave me a wide berth. They were fearful of doing something that would make me change my mind. Except for Claudine. I spent the day practically isolated. At nine p.m. a sharp knock at the door sent me scurrying to the closet. The time for me to get out of the castle was almost at hand.

Then Claudine did a strange thing. She wriggled out of her underthings and crawled under the sheet. She was

moaning when Dorie opened the door for Schrank.

The fat man barged in. "Raus! Raus!" He scowled at Claudine. "And you? What is it?"

"Sick."

He grunted. "You French are always sick." His meaty hands slapped at the women until all were out of the room. He looked at Claudine again and made a depreciating gesture. "You are worthless to me." He closed the door.

By this time I'd gathered what Claudine was up to and I was furious. It was a trick to make sure Schrank kept the watchdogs outside the door. I stormed over to her. "I ought to kill you."

The sheet fell away and exposed her perfectly formed breasts. She made no move to cover them. Her dark eyes flashed. "But, Monsieur, I had to do something to keep the guards at the door."

My fist was cocked. I was angry enough to let her have it. Then I remembered Schrank's last words. Maybe she was worthless to him and he had removed the guards. Another thing, they hadn't been here last night when I'd entered the room. Chances were good they weren't out there now. Maybe Claudine had been just a little too cute.

I opened the door no more than a hairline—and my hopes were crushed. They were out there playing around with a baton. I shut the door and locked it and stalked off to the other end of the room.

CLAUDINE got up. The sheet fell away from her nude body as she moved into the aisle. She came forward slowly, unsure of herself. She was tense, waiting for an outburst from me. I didn't disappoint her. "Stay where you were!"

She shook her head. "No, I want to talk."

She kept coming closer, probably weighing the danger of antagonizing me. Her hips swayed slightly as she placed one leg before the other. Her lashes fluttered. She smiled hesitantly and gave me a whipped puppy look. Claudine was using every trick in the book to soften me and they weren't working. She'd double-crossed me, and in doing so had practically sealed my doom.

She stood before me now, her hands behind her back.

"Monsieur—"

My pain swept across her face. She staggered, choked on a sob and then looked at me. "I deserved it."

I fought an urge to hit her again. I turned and faced a wall.

Claudine was quiet for a long time. My blow had been a vicious one and

I knew she must have been crying silently. Finally, she said, "You saw them...how happy they were...Would it be so difficult to take us?"

"It's out of the question." I walked away from her and dropped down on a cot. I stared up at the ceiling.

In a short while Claudine stood next to me. Her black hair tumbled forward. "I...will give myself to you...if..."

"Get the hell away from me!" I draped an arm across my eyes.

I wasn't quite sure what happened next. I must have dozed off for a few minutes. I woke up with Claudine's lips on mine. Her body was pressed close. In that first instant upon waking I'd forgotten the danger I was in. My arms went around her. I was reacting instinctively, returning the ardor of her kiss and living only for this moment.

There was no bargaining now. We made love as though for both of us it might be the last time...

The women were returned to the room at dawn. Schrank came in with them. His face was florid. He held a bullwhip. I watched him from my closest hiding place. He looked as though he might burst a blood vessel.

"What got into you tonight?" he bellowed. "Is there a conspiracy? You laughed at our guests. You threw drinks in their faces. Have you gone mad?"

When no one answered him he used his whip. The leather drew blood. It left long red lines on the women's backs. They tried to get away from him but couldn't. For a fat man he was amazingly agile. He himself had gone mad in his desire to hurt them. Claudine sat up on the cot and screamed at him to stop. "You want them pretty for tomorrow night. They won't be, Schrank."

Her words brought him to his senses. He stood panting. He dragged himself to the door. "I will have obedience!" he muttered on his way out. He waved a flabby hand at the sobbing women. "I will kill them next time."

"Yes, Schrank. But let them rest now." Claudine shut the door and locked it. She looked at me. She thought I was moved by the display of bestiality I was, but I didn't let her know it. "You see how it is here?"

"Nothing's changed."

She lowered her voice. "You are impossible!"

CLAUDINE spent the day tending to the women's wounds. At seven p.m. I grew restless. In another hour the British submarine would surface at 1,000 yards, wait ten minutes and then submerge. I'd already glanced out at the guards two or three times.

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I could shoot both and make a run for it, but the risk was too great. I'd never made it out of the castle. I knew that sooner or later I'd have no choice. I'd have to attempt shooting my way out. I decided to hold off on that until 7:45.

At 7:30 a partial break came my way. One of the guards had left his post. The other stood with his back to me. The battleaxe he'd been playing with rested against the side of the door. I couldn't afford to waste any time.

I picked up the ancient weapon and started toward the soldier. He heard me. He spun around and snapped up his rifle in a split second. The axe cracked into it. I tried to drive the blade into his groin but again he blocked me with his rifle. I lifted my foot between his legs. He gasped. I swung the blade and this time sank it into his neck. His screams were like an alarm bell. Shouts sounded at the far end of the hall—where as far as I knew my only avenue of escape lay. I jerked the rifle out of the soldier's dead hands and ran in the opposite direction. I wasn't alone.

The women had scrambled out of their room and were racing behind me. A shot was fired. I heard the bullet sing as it struck the stone wall next to me. More shots followed and one of the women screamed. Her body hit the floor hard. I ran faster. The narrow hall curved and twisted ahead of me. I expected to run into opposition at any second. I held my .45 ready to blast the first person who stood in my way.

Ahead was a dark opening in the wall. I plunged into it and climbed a stone staircase. I could smell fresh air. The stairs wound endlessly. Behind me, Claudine and the others were nearly exhausted. One of them was already dead. The others would end up the same way. And it would be their own damn fault. They had no right to expect any help from me, even now.

I stopped at the top of the stairs and pushed on a creaking wooden door. It led to a parapet atop the castle's walls. There were narrow slits on the front face for gun emplacements. I looked over the edge...and knew it was all over. The drop was at least 50 feet straight down.

The women groaned. Karan ran back to the door. "I saw a rope here."

A Nasai appeared. I squeezed off a round that splattered his face. Karan went on, snatched up the rope and started towards us.

There was another shot. Karan arched her back. She threw her arms up. The rope sailed to us. I caught it. She fell forward on her face and I saw the gaping hole between her shoulder blades. My .45 kicked once

and the soldier who'd killed her was spinning.

Claudine took the rifle from me and fired it at the men who tried scrambling through the door. I wrapped the rope around the stone and tied it tightly. Dorte was first to climb down. I aided my fire to Claudine's when it was necessary and helped the women over the ledge.

Until these tense moments I'd considered only my mission. But now I read the desperation that was in the eyes of the women and realized it matched my own. I'd seen it in Karan's eyes just before the bullet ended her life. I saw it in Claudine's eyes as she knelt beside me, slamming home round after round, fighting for a freedom that was just as precious to her as it was to me. They were earning their right to meet that British submarine; I couldn't deny them this.

Claudine was last to go down the rope. I held it for her and then dropped the rifle over the edge. I waited until she was ready, then started down. I was in no position to protect myself now but with Claudine firing at every coal-scuttle helmet that appeared over the edge, I was able to make it to the ground.

THE time was 7:45. We still had to paddle 1,000 yards to meet the sub. The sun was setting. By the time we

made it to the pick-up area it would be dark. We hurried to the shore.

Suddenly, Claudine stopped dead and screamed. A figure was rising in front of us—a fat figure that held an automatic pistol.

It was Schreck.

He stood between us and my hidden raft. He pointed the gun at us.

The four women walked toward him. He took one step back. His small eyes darted to each of them. He took a deep breath. Get back inside! We have guests to entertain tonight!"

The women closed in.

All of them charged at once. He raised the gun as if to fire, but his gun must have jammed. The women pounced on him. He screamed. I saw them pick up rocks and beat his head in. I heard his skull crack, and the rocks in the women's hands were bloody.

Two minutes later we were in the raft and paddling away from the island.

The British sub was on time, and its crew was rather non-plussed when they saw the women climbing aboard.

The skipper radioed my information to R.A.F. Headquarters. I found out later that the castle had been leveled hours before we finally pulled into Liverpool.

My only regret was that I hadn't seen it... END

PASSION TORTURE LURE

(Continued from page 20)

"I came here to tell you I'll sell the claim," Dottie said. "I'll even include a little lovin'."

McCauley looked incredulously at the little blonde. Then his eyes narrowed. He could understand the part about the claim—Dottie was busted. But the part about the loving didn't add up. After the way he had tried to bull her and Sam into selling their claim—and the trouble Sam was in—she was the last woman in Spencer's Gulch he'd expect to be coy. "What are you up to?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Mister McCauley. I just thought I could talk you into paying a little more if I included some lovin'."

For a moment McCauley couldn't believe what he'd heard. Even the harlots in the good time parlor across the street weren't this brash. "At least," he said, grinning, "...you're honest about it."

"Why heat around the bush?" Dottie said with a wink whose portent was unmistakable.

McCauley took his first comprehensive appraisal of the little blonde. He liked what he saw—especially the

way she was sitting in the chair. When he could take his eyes from this intriguing sight he said, suddenly terribly eager, "Tell you what I'll do: show me you can love up the price of the claim and I'll pay it!" He nodded toward the buffalo hide couch in front of the fireplace.

"Not here, Mister McCauley," Dottie said. "The kind of loving I was thinking about ain't the kind you can do with people walking around outside."

"I'll come out to your place tomorrow. Right after noon. OK?"

"It will be if you bring the money for the claim."

McCauley laughed. "I'll bring the money," he said.

His tongue darted over his lips as he watched Dottie aince out the door....

At 1 P.M. the next day—which was Wednesday July 8, 1973—McCauley and his triggers Jeff Hall and Roffie Mumford saddled up and rode southwest out of Spencer's Gulch toward Apache Canyon site of the Gibson diggings.



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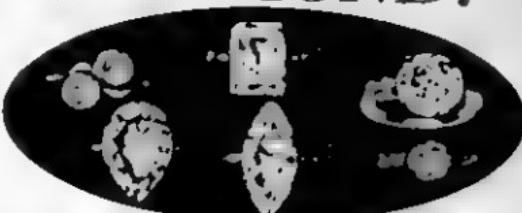
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When Diapoms were first introduced, a chain store knew approached a pawnshop in New Jersey. Diapoms had been selling for \$100.00 per piece, and now for \$750.00. The pawnshop owner, a friend, inspected the "diamonds" to recognize the seller. "O.K. \$400.00," he replied, and never again.

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"After thinking it over," McCauley said to those louts, who were his personal bodyguards, "I'd almost beat my bottom dollar that Dottie's up to something. So I want you boys to look around real good."

"You can depend on us," Hall said. "But personally, Mr. McCauley, I think you're barking up the wrong tree. I've got a hunch she's the kind that can't stand not having a man to romp with...in which case you ain't got a thing to worry about."

"If that's the case," Mumford said, "when you get through lovin' her Mister McCauley, I was wonderin' if maybe I am Hall..."

"Don't even bother saying the rest," McCauley said. "If this ain't some kind of dingie she's got all the man she can stand. Meaning me, in case you ain't caught on."

"Yes, sir," Mumford muttered, disappointed.

An hour later McCauley and his men rode onto Gibson's claim. McCauley went to Dottie, who was standing in the doorway of the cabin she and Sam had built. "Soon as my boys look around," McCauley said, lighting a cheero, "they're going back to town. Then you and me can take all the time in the world."

"You don't trust nobody, do you?" Dottie said, looking at Hall who was scouting the lean-to which functioned as a horse and hay shed, and at Mumford, who was riding around to be sure no one lurked behind boulders, on the canyon's floor.

"People around here have learned," McCauley said with his usual contempt, "that they got to get up before breakfast to pull the wool over old Frank McCauley's eyes."

A little later Hall and Mumford came to the cabin. "We didn't find nothing," Hall said. "So after we look around inside we'll get the hell back to town."

"You can come in if you want to," Dottie said, stepping aside. "But I don't know what you think you can see from in there that you can't see from here."

"She's right, boys," McCauley said, eager for these men to go away. "There ain't nothing you can hide in a one-room cabin. Besides I've been looking it over while I've been standing her in the door."

Hall was not only the suspicious type but he knew that his job—the best he'd ever had—would terminate if anything happened to McCauley. His eyes darted over the interior of the cabin, missing nothing. Satisfied that no assassin could possibly be in there he said, "Everything looks OK, Mister McCauley. That is, providing Mrs. Gibson ain't put something hid in her clothes to bushwhack you with."

"Look her over," McCauley said, "and don't take all day. Also don't think this is a chance to do a little hand heisferin'."

Hall frisked Dottie. She was unarmed. He looked into the cabin again. Then he said, "See ya in town, Mister McCauley." He nodded curtly to Mumford and he and this big hardcore leaped onto their mounts and rode down the canyon.

"What are we waitin' on," McCauley said, looking at Dottie.

"I just want to be sure they ain't going to say they forgot something and come back," Dottie said. "If there's anything I hate it's for somebody to show up when I'm in the middle of a romp."

"They ain't going to come back," McCauley said, impatient to leave this little woman. "So quit worrying!"

DOTTIE had her mind made up. She made McCauley wait for interminable minutes then she looked up at him and winked. "Beatcha I beatcha onto the bunk!" she said. Before McCauley could reply she spun around and darted into the cabin.

McCauley sprinted after her. An instant later he disappeared through the floor....the bearskin onto which he had stepped had concealed the mine shaft which Sam had dug inside the cabin to make sure that no one knew of it, and consequently would not look it at night or when he and Dottie went to town.

"You tricky little bitch!" McCauley belittled from the shaft's terminus, which was 18 feet below the cabin's sod floor. "You won't get away with it....I gave my boys orders to look for me if I isn't back in town by six P.M.!"

Dottie looked miserably at the shaft's entrance. She should have known, she reflected, biting her lips, that a man as cagey as McCauley would take precautions. She locked out the door. Maybe she could build a lid for the shaft and cover it with enough dirt to mask McCauley's about. But immediately she discarded this scheme. McCauley would suffocate....and she didn't want him to die. She wanted to keep him in that dank, black hole until he admitted he had bushwhacked the man for whom Sam was going to be hanged.

Tears came to her eyes. Even if, somehow, she could keep McCauley's men from finding him there was only a slim chance that she could starve him into a confession before Sam was executed. Even more harrowing, she wasn't certain that McCauley was the man....maybe her hunch had been wrong. "I wish to hell," she sobbed, "that I and Sam had never heard of the gold diggin's."

They had operated a livery business in Hillsboro, Ohio. In the spring of 1871 a local ne'er-do-well named Duncan Coffield, whom everybody had laughed at when he went to the gold fields, came home with more money than the total worth of the ten richest men in Hillsboro.

"If that bung head can hit it we can, too," Sam said to Dottie.

It took eight months to sell the business so it was May 1872 before Sam and Dottie drove their mud wagon into Spencer's Gulch, a raucous mountain mining settlement 47 miles northwest of the present town of Trinidad, Colorado.

They looked around for a week, meanwhile seeking the counsel of men who had come earlier. Then they filed on the south shore of cascading little Apache Creek (Mining claims were 300 feet by 1500 feet).

Subsequent months weren't easy for Sam and his wife. But like the others who'd gotten gold fever Sam was convinced that he had missed a strike by only a foot and that tomorrow he would hit it—so he kept on praying and cursing and digging.

In September he spent the last of his cash money. He began to charge groceries and supplies from overweight Otto Thiesen, German immigrant proprietor of the O T General Store.

He found a little float on Apache Creek during the spring thaws and, a month later, a trace of flower gold—enough to give a man hope but not anywhere near enough to pay off Thiesen. In fact, after paying Thiesen all the gold he'd found, and charging another month's supply, he was more deeply in debt than before.

ON July 8, 1873 he discovered a feather vein in porphyry and granite—paper thin and only an inch wide. Convinced that at last he was within grasp of a fortune he set about to plot the location of the lode from which the trace-vein had extended. When his calculations were completed he said to Dottie, "The hell with letting everybody in Colorado in on this strike! I'm going down 20 feet inside the cabin then angle off toward the mother lode!"

Unfortunately for Sam, one of the many claims McCauley had acquired adjoined his and the man who prospected it had also found the feather vein. The next day McCauley rode to Sam's claim. "I'll give you a thousand dollars hard money for your diggin's," he said.

"I ain't interested," Sam said.

"A thousand and I'll pay what you owe Thiesen."

"Nope," Sam said.

"A thousand and Thiesen and stage

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Reasons wives/husbands practice cunnilingus and fellatio and oral genital fantasy-whether normal and abnormal techniques, extremes to more hatred for c-f, prostitutes, and fellatio, the compulsive fellatio, sadism and masochism in oral-genitalism, the oral-erotic wife, teenaged girls specializing in fellatio etc. A 16-page book \$3.00.

- Entitled *Fellatio* by Donald H. Gehriger, Ph.D. Fully illustrated volume published by Monogram Books. Subtitled "A Study of Oral and Abnormal Oral Sex Behavior."

Chapters are entitled: Normal Erotic Stimulus, Fellatio in History, Orgasmic Contractions in Childhood, Teen-Aged Fellatio, Oral Sex in Marriage, Fellatio Techniques, Abnormal Fixations, The Castration Complex, The Urge to Dominate, Obsession, The Prevention of Disease, Bizzare Cases, Guidelines to Normal Sexuality.

Twenty-nine case histories are included, giving insight into people with marital problems caused by or solved by oral sex practices.

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By David O. Cauldwell, M.D. Pornography, the all evil, seems to be at the eye of the beholder. No doubt someone will find evil in this book, probably because it is possible to present today words and phrases as well as illustrations which would have been suppressed only a few years ago.

Dr. Cauldwell strips away all false notions and apprehensions regarding the subject and replaces them with facts and logic. Not a single word has been removed from the original printing which successfully withstood attacks by the Post Office to bar it from the mail.

Included in this publishing is a reprinting of an example of classical Japanese erotica - The Rightless City. This too, is presented in completely unexpurgated form.

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ratio Historical Society); "He has an inordinate greed for gold, the acquisition of which incites him to still greater greed. But this lust is exceeded by his craving for women of easy virtue To conceive of a more unprincipled human would tax the imagination . . . "

It is significant that Editor Heyden's body was found in a draw north of town the day after this editorial appeared. No one accused McCauley. At least not to his face.

The night of July 20, 1873, six days after the incident in the Nugget Saloon, McCausley lurked in the shadows beside the O. T. went home. Then he went inside and greeted Thisson, who was working on his books. "How much does Sam Gibson owe you," McCausley said. "I've been thinking of lending him enough money to get off his feet."

Thisen thumbed through his ledger until he came to Gibson's name. "It totals," he said, "exactly...."

He never finished. McCauley shot him in the spine. Quickly McCauley tore Gibson's sheet out of the ledger, shoved it into his pocket and went outside and faded into the gloom.

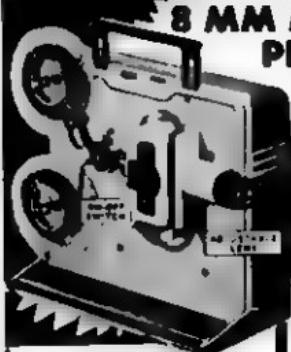
A clerk, Jasper McDonald, found Thiesen's body the next morning. "There ain't no doubt who done it," he said to Marshal Jake Howe. "Nothing was stole except Sam Gibson's account."

The citizens wanted to string Sam up. "Nothing doin', boys," Marshal Jake Howe said. "There ain't gonna be no rope law in this town....we're gonna hang him legal." He would keep Sam in jail, he said, until Circuit Judge Luke Cunningham, then holding court in the San Luis valley, could come to Spencer's Gulch.

This was small consolation for Sam and Dottie. Cunningham was a 'hanging judge'. The western historian Giles Harper wrote of him in "Law of the Rockies": "He was without compassion and doomed men to the gallows for slight offenses...a sadist who liked to watch his victims' executions, staring transfixed at their painful flailings."

Dottie was desperate. She knew that Sam was innocent—he had been in the cabin the night of Thiessen's assassination. But she couldn't convince anyone.... Sam had doomed himself when he had told Thiessen in the presence of the Nugget Saloon's patrons, "You're gonna get what you've got coming!" No one knew that Sam had meant that Thiessen would eat his money.

The day after Sam's arrest Dottie began to put the situation into perspective. Only McCauley, she reasoned, would benefit by framing Sam.



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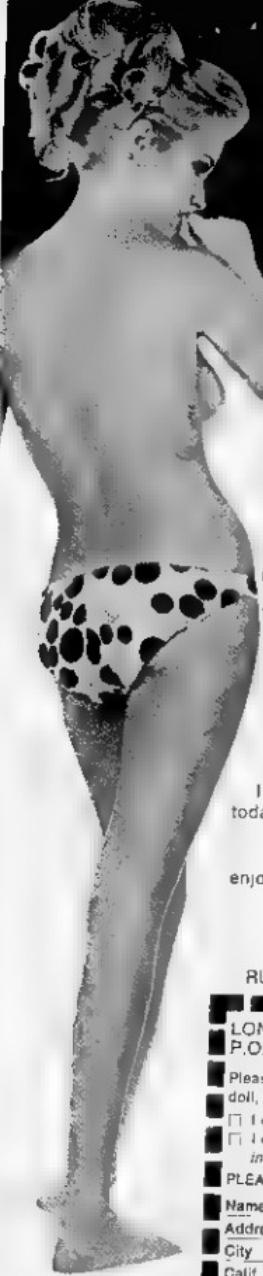
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ters as he responds to the frantic
embraces of his willowy companion,
will think of nothing but the smash-
up of his home later on. This will
come when his soft, yielding para-
mour becomes hard as steel. She'll
sit across the table from him at an
out of the way spot and make her
"request" seem very reasonable.

"After all, I need the operation.
It is your child I'm carrying. No, I
don't want your money. That would
do me no good. However there
are a few innocuous papers in your
files. They're really meaningless.
And who will know about them? It
really is the easiest way. I have
some friends who will take care of
everything in return for the documents."

Sweating out his future-thinking
of the scandal which will crash
around his head, the minor diplo-
mat jumps at the bait. Your future
is made that much more doubtful.

Homosexuality is perhaps the
greatest hazard facing you and your
family. Since the time of Oscar
Wilde, discovery and the resulting
disgrace have been considered the
worst of abominations. Society is
not prepared to think of the deviate
as a sick personality. Virile men gain
even greater masculinity by des-
pising the deviate.

It has long been known that La-
fayette Square Park, a stone's throw
from the White House, is a gathering
point for homosexuals—some of
whom are government workers. Its
reputation equals that of New York's
Washington Square and Bryant
Park.

The perils of blackmail in homo-
sexuality are tremendous. One po-
lice official said recently, "In in-
dustrial thefts, the most prevalent
common denominator is sexual devi-
ation. Two forces combine to make
this so. First the number of 'rom-
ances' available to the practicing
homosexual are limited. He must
keep his companion happy to insure
a continuation of his love life. The
heterosexual man who finds a ro-
mance going on the rocks can afford
to be philosophical. He can say with
some deal of assurance, 'The hell
with it, there are plenty of other
pebbles on the beach.' Not so the
deviate. Nobody is further out in the
cold than a homosexual who has
lost out in an affair."

The other problem faced by the
homosexual is blackmail. Disclosure
of his perversion usually results in

loss of employment and total ostracism
from society.

"Despite the common belief, most
homosexuals are not exhibitionists.
On meeting them, you would not be
able to determine their aberrations.
So it is difficult to determine how
many men—and women—placed in
positions of trust become the victims
of nefarious schemers on the do-
mestic and international levels."

There is no doubt that the recent
disappearance of two British scien-
tists to a sanctuary behind the iron
curtain were precipitated by fear of
disclosure of their homosexual practi-
ces.

Knowing these vagaries, the Com-
munist have made capital of them.
Members of Taas, Izvestia and other
Soviet news gathering organizations
consider themselves Soviet agents
first and journalists second. The
same can be said of attaches to
legations and trade groups as well.

THE cold war has not put an end
to the social relationships be-
tween Soviet personnel and those
of the democracies. In Washington
where the lion's share of interchange
is accomplished at cocktail parties,
the Soviets' ability to disperse, re-
connote and captivate comes into
its own.

The party atmosphere breaks
down natural reserves and provides
the opening wedge to more sinister
meetings later on.

The same conditions prevail in
London, Paris, Bonn and other world
capitals. It is far too easy for fun-
loving dignitaries to let their down
in situations which give more
than comfort to Communist spies.

We cannot agree with Alan Dulles,
former head of the Central In-
telligence Agency who in comment-
ing on the Profumo scandal said
that he believed the affair "involved
more sex than security."

True, if Christine Keeler's word
can be taken that the Russians
merely wanted to know when nu-
clear arms would be delivered to
West Germany, the question was
but inept and of little importance.
But there is no way of telling how
much more they would have wanted
to know, had the affair not blown
sky high.

That's why you may be living the
life of a monk. Your actions may
be like Caesar's wife—above re-
proach. And still you may be slaugh-
tered because of sex.

END

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play and twisted the volume knob
to full. This is the dialogue to which
the fraternity house jumped out of
its collective bed.

"Please, no, Doug. I'm not that
kind of a girl."

"Come on. Be a sport. After all, I
don't do this with every girl I meet."

"You don't expect me to believe
that."

"Honest, I'm not like the others
either. I'm sincere. I go for you."

"Supposing something were to go
wrong? Would you marry me?"

"What can go wrong?"

"Lots of things. You know about
the birds and the bees don't you?
A long moment of just the tape whir-
ring. Then—

"Doug. Why are you so quiet?"

"Nothing. Just thinking. That's
all."

"Come on over here. Tell me you'd
marry me."

"Huh. Yeah, of course."

"Sound like you mean it."

"Hey, cut it out. You want to rip
my shirt?"

"Come on passion boy. Or are you
all talk?"

"Take it easy. I need a drink."

"What's the matter? Are you all
shook up because you might have to
marry me? I don't think I'm that
bad. Besides, you told me you don't
want to go all the way with every
girl you meet. You said I'm some-
thing special. Well, that's kind of nice
to hear. You convinced me. I'll do
what you want me to do. Then, if
anything happens, we can get mar-
ried."

"Sound like you mean it. Show me
how much you love me. After all, if
I'm taking a chance on spending the
rest of my life with you, I have a right
to expect some fire."

"Hey, you know. I just remembered.
I've got some boning up to do for
a poly sci exam. I better get crack-
ing with the books. Supposing I call
you next week?"

"Aw, come on now. You can't get
a girl all worked up and then just
dump her. Tell me how beautiful I
am."

"You're beautiful. But it's getting
awful late. Some other time."

"It would be fun being married to a
big passionate man like you. Good-
ness, feel those muscles."

"Cut it out, will you? Come on for
cripes sakes. Let's call it night."

What a going over poor Doug had
taken. In a high falsetto the brothers
had chanted, "Come on for cripes
sakes. Let's call it a night!" Then
they'd added their own flourishes like,
"Hey, I'm not that kind of a boy!"
and "Of course I'd marry you in a
minute darling, if only you weren't
such a tramp. After all, what would

mater say?" and "But dream girl,
I only have the hots for you tonight.
Tomorrow I'm Cynthia's."

Yes, I'd done my share of entertain-
ing the boys all right. For weeks
they'd be rubbing it into Lothario
Doug. But would they really? Would
his disgrace in having chickened out
of a 100 per cent situation be as
great as mine for having set it up?

Not really. You can only play games
like that with a willing tramp. And if
the tramp is willing, she's something
to be ridiculed and scorned. It's begin-
ning to dawn on me that the big fool in my relationships with
the tyros of fraternity row is myself.

I may break away. I'm twenty-three
now and the college kids are begin-
ning to look like babies to me. I'm
getting tired of their smugness, of
their pawing and mauling me, of their
fear that they might become the father
of my child and be stuck with me.

Who the hell do they think they are?
What makes them so much better than
me? Maybe I'll forget my need for
"gifts". Maybe I'll learn that I'm
not really competing with the nasty
little coeds at all. Maybe I'll get the
big message, "Towny, stick to your
own side of the tracks. Maybe I'll just
take off for the big city and start
acting me age.

END

ICE FIELDS

[Continued from page 30]

severe ice burn. Before you can
work your ship you have to use a
pick or a shovel to break up the
frozen seas on the decks and in the
rigging. So you sweat. And the
sweat freezes to your flesh while
sheet after sheet of frozen spray
whips into your ash-gray face,
slashing at it with the same cruel
relentlessness as Doenitz' U-boats.

Add to that the screaming Hel-
kel III Ks.

Add to that the lurking Wolf
Packs waiting for darkness to chew
our convoy to pieces. And the freez-
ing hell of one five-hundred-mile
stretch between Jan Mayen and
Bear Island where you get no air
support, and attack from German
surface ships is likely at any time
of the day or night. And the endless
waiting . . . and wondering. Will
you get it from above, with death

fight birth defects
Give MARCH OF DIMES

screaming at you as five-hundred-pounders arc their way down, or will it come silently and in the form of a tinfish foaming through the icy water? Or will you get it below, trapped in a holocaust of flames?

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It's 1943. The month, February. The convoy is the J. W. 77B-35 fully laden cargo vessel and four troop ships. I'm standing dog watch on the SS Marguerie. It's 5:50 p.m., when our water-cooled .50's both fore and aft open up on something on the port side. A destroyer and a Corvette cut across our bow, their heavy guns making hollow pow-pow sounds in the Arctic night air.

Fear puts the taste of bile in my mouth. Stored in our port holes are 500 tons of highly explosive detonators. One torpedo will blast the whole ship to a million slivers. Lashed to our decks are crated airplane parts. One or two incendiary bullets will set those wooden crates blazing in seconds.

Off the starboard bow I see three Kraut subs steaming toward the SS



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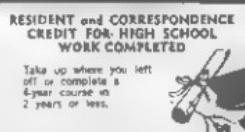
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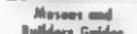
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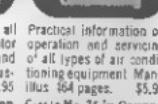
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boats in action and know that their idea is to be so brutal and vicious that the enemy will recoil in trembling fear. We know Doenitz has ordered his Wolf Pack to gun all survivors.

Minutes pass. The Chief is worried. He doesn't say anything to indicate it, but his scowling face gives it away.

Suddenly, a U-boat surfaces fifty yards off our port. Sam Blake groans, "Here we go, boys."

The conning tower opens. Krauts climb out and race along the deck to their machine guns. They jabber happily. We're close enough to see the crazy kind of glint in their eyes at the prospect of a kill.

The Chief stands up at the tiller and yells, "We have no weapons. We are willing to surrender."

A short burst nearly tears his arm off. He grabs the gunwhale to keep from going over the side. He's on his knees. Blood pulses from his torn shoulder. He opens his mouth, waverying on his knees.

"Sons of bitches! Sons of —"

Another burst rips most of his head off. Then the boat is sprayed with lead. I double up and slip under the thwart. Some of the guys go over the side and hold onto the starboard grab lines. I make myself as small a target as possible on the bottom boards and I hear guys screaming as slugs chop into them. Sam Blake's chunky body falls near me, a gaping hole pouring blood where his right eye was. Another body drops on top of me, spilling blood and gray matter inches from my face.

The murderous machine gun fire doesn't stop. Bullets slam into the gunwhale, thwarts and bottom strakes. The Krauts know damn well some of the seamen are holding on where they can't be seen on the starboard side. So they rake the boat. I hear guys screaming outside . . . and the gurgling bubbles as they go down.

My left leg kicks up involuntarily. Pain stabs through it, feels like a hot poker being jammed into my ankle. I clamp my gloves over my mouth to hold back the screams that choke and die in my throat.

The firing stops. The Krauts are satisfied that everybody in the boat is dead. I can hear their heavy feet clomping across their steel deck. The boat rocks as the sub boils the water in submerging.

I grab the gunwhale and lift myself up to a thwart. My ankle is shattered and blood is flooding over the heavy shoe. I stop it by tying a lifeline around my calf.

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It is only by the grace of God that I'm still alive. Death surrounds me. Bodies of women come to surface, butt up, and float away. Those in the boat are sprawled in grotesque positions and are already beginning to freeze solid.

But after an hour of shivering and trying to keep the tourniquet working, I wonder if I wouldn't have better to get it quickly than to slowly freeze to death.

I pass out, come to and pass out again. I'm only half aware of the corvette snuggling up. The next time I wake I'm on a surgeon's table.

Somebody says, "We can save the fool."

Before I take a needle I think maybe I'll join the Navy ... if only to get a crack at those Kraut busters. . . .

END

COFFEE HOUSE SEX CULTS

Were the rituals confined to the so-called espresso houses, they would perhaps go unnoticed. However they spill out onto the sidewalks and parks where residents are forced to observe behavior at its most animalistic.

Let's take a look at New York City's controversial McDougall Street where the beatniks, the angry, the misfits gather nightly to carry out their seamy charades.

In the shadows of New York University's Law School, McDougall Street has long been an eye sore. In prohibition days it catered to anybody who was willing to go blind in a bathtub gin. Later it became the center for hookers in the strip joints.

However the residents of the street were able to disregard the clandestine hijinx.

Said one old timer, "Back in those days, a guy had to have a buck in his pocket. Today any drifter can come barreling in and set up housekeeping for the price of one cup of coffee."

Another elderly man who used to enjoy his summer evenings taking on all comers in sidewalk checker games adds, "Hell, every now and then somebody would cut somebody else. You have to expect that when there's a lot of drinking going on. Then when the stink was in, we might find a tar sleeping off a wingding in the gutter. But it was nothing like this."

Today the people who have every reason to use the street for no other purpose than to enter or leave their homes, find it almost impossible. The curbs are lined with longhaired misfits and their equally bizarre sisters in depravity.

One housewife commented, "I pay a steep rent to be close to Washington Square Park so that my children can have a place to play. But I can't take them into the

square. Kids shouldn't see what goes on there."

Recently the coffee house symphonies caused a major local political battle in which one faction of leaders demanded that the coffee house licenses be picked up.

The habitués of the stygian joe pots have these things in common. They hold standard society in contempt. They seek to shock by their display of animal behavior. They substitute pretense for brain power. They go all-out to smash down expected standards of behavior.

Veteran police of the area have been sickened by them. Said one, "The Village has always been something of a loose catcher. It lends itself to this sort of thing because of the flimflam rooming houses and the cheap beauties and gin mills. Up until recently we were able to keep things in pretty good control. The fairies had their hangouts and there were certain bars where the dykes hung out. We watched the clubs to make sure the B-girls didn't go through anybody's pockets, even if we couldn't keep them from stiffing a guy for coke wash at a buck and a quarter a shot.

"But these new creeps are something else again. They're always underfoot — night and day. They stare at you, hoping you'll use a nightstick on them so that they can start screaming 'police brutality!' I tell you these are hookers. They got a mad on at the world. The worst part of it is that there are so many of them. I understand they come from all over the city. Some of the guys in the station house say they've booked these characters from as far away as Omaha, Nebraska.

PERHAPS the most flagrant exhibitionism concerns outright homosexuality. The coffee houses have taken over where the down-

on-the-heels bars and grills left off. The reason for this is quite obvious. Two deviates may spend a whole evening of blatant necking in a darkened corner of an espresso house for the price of a couple of coffees. Of course in some cases the coffee which is barely palatable sells for as much as \$1.50 per cup.

This represents a big gain for the homosexual who used to fall prey to the hardbitten bartender who would tolerate him just so long as he maintained a full glass.

The homosexual has found a new home.

Another blatant form of exhibitionism is miscegenation. Phoney intellectuals have always leaned to this practice as a means of tweaking the noses of less imaginative citizens. In the coffee houses of the country, miscegenation has become a way of life. It also flourishes to a great degree in the so-called art movie houses and neighborhood theaters where off beat subject matter is readily acceptable.

The romantic mixture of races has caused feelings to run high in neighborhoods in which the espresso joints flourish. Without discussing the pros and cons of the issue, it is enough to say that more than one riot has resulted from public displays and public disapproval.

Any benny or goofball pusher has a field day plying the narrow sidewalks where the finger snappers congregate in advance of their sessions of guitar playing, poetry reading and finger snapping.

"Man, it gives you a little edge. Makes you alert. You're in," commented one beatnick character as he munched a mouthful of Bennies.

His turtle-necked sweaters, stretch pants, barefoot, chalk faced, stringy haired companion, looked at this writer with ill concealed disdain.

"You getting paid for this article?" she asked as she moved on to her boyfriend's knee."

When I answered that I was, she said, "It must be crap. That's all they pay for today, crap."

I talked to one girl who was about twenty, although there was no way of being sure. Like most of those who hang around the coffee urns, drumming the tables with their fingers, she wore the sickly bored mask which screens away age so successfully.

Her voice was low and dead. She stared at me through fixed eyes which provided the only color in her chalk white face.

"You a watcher or a doer?"



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"A watcher, I guess, most times." "I thought as much. You're fat. That means you eat too much. That means you sold out."

"How come the big anger?"

She reached for my hand, "Man, I'm not p.o.d. at any living thing. I love everybody I meet. You have a room, I'll show you how much I love?"

"What will it cost me?"

For the first time her chalk face showed a hint of color. "Listen, man, money isn't everything. There's a spiritual world that an outsider like you wouldn't know about. I've taken guys home who didn't have a pot. I loved them harder than the others. They needed it more. That's what a woman's for. To take care of guys who won't sell out to them." (She never bothered to explain who "them" were.)

MY expresso and Bennie companion told me of her various escapades in words that would have taxed the imagination of a Navy bos'n. I realized she was trying to use words for shock value. This is a typical stunt among the unwashed.

Seeing that she had failed to make the proper impression, she leaned towards me. "Would you like to hear about my other affairs — the ones with my girl friends?" she asked.

Whether I wanted to or not, she was going to continue. Rather than being shocked by her tawdry revelations, I was quite bored. But there was something more than boredom. It was a sense of depression that a girl who could have been so healthy and attractive had become this mindless automaton.

What she had told me, I had heard literally hundreds of times in my conversations with the other habitues of the coffee houses. She was one of the clan, the sorority, the conformists.

That's right, she had taken the party line and swallowed it right down with her bitter tasting expresso.

She wore the skin tight stretch pants which were the uniform of the day.

She went out of her way to become involved in miscegenation which was intended to show her free spirit.

She chose to live in a rat hole, rather than look for a position which suited her age and qualifications. (This is an interesting point among the beats. Offer them a job for which they're qualified and they think you're taking advantage of

them. They have a burning message for the stupid old world, and they're damned mad that the world hasn't the brain power to listen. So it can go cheerfully to hell, jobs and all.)

She saw nothing wrong with alleycatting around. "After all, Victorian morality is for the stupid, the weak. A woman has a right to express herself. If she didn't, she wouldn't be born with glands."

She was all for homosexual adventures. "I want to try everything there is to try at least once. I want experience. It's important to know."

No, she hadn't been out of the neighborhood for some time. "Why should I? Man, there are only creeps up town. They bore me. My friends are here. Mister, don't you want to be where your friends are?"

She really listened to the bilge that the bearded poetry readers recited through their moth-eaten beads every night. "I couldn't expect you to appreciate it. But when you understand Zen, it sets little fires going in you. It isn't the words. It's the rhythm. All of a sudden you feel like you're going to burst with rhythm. You grab the first thing that happens to be around and you hold on for dear life. Like I said, you haven't lived until the best takes hold."

SHE was completely estranged from her mid western family. "I never got along with them. They're stuffy. They're dead and they don't know it yet. Sure they were strict. Tried to pull down my jeans and paddle me until I was sixteen. Man, you can't paddle talent out of a person. You only teach her to hate you. I don't ever hear from them. I never write them either. I guess any feeling I might have had for them is dead. Dead's a funny word. It means the end, finis."

She had a record for assault arrests. "All cops are brutal. They come from narrow minded homes. They're always riding us. What difference does it make to whom I'm walking with or whom I'm bedding down with. It's my life. But they're always butting in. Sometimes they try to work over one of my men friends. They make cracks like, 'Go on uptown where you belong,' and that sets me off. I wonder how they'd feel if they had to live uptown. So I get involved and we all get locked up for the night. In away it's something different."

Is she happy? "Who's got time to be happy or unhappy? It's a stinking world. I get a few kicks. Once I had

a guy beat me with a belt. I didn't like it too much. He wouldn't stop when I wanted him to. Once I had to spank a man. I only did that once. But I know what it's like."

I talked to another young women who lived with the unwashed of the coffee house cult. "We'll try anything," she said. "If it's racing a sports car at 120 m.p.h., that's okay with us. Secretly, I think we all nurse a death wish. It must be that way, otherwise we wouldn't be so compulsive about releasing our destructive energies.

"I'm not a hardened lesbian," she continued. "Yet I have entered into this type of thing as well as miscegenation. Why? Because it shows you're not bound by authority. You're free. You express yourself in any way you see fit."

An introspective girl told me, "Son I'll be leaving the coffee houses and the bennies. I've had enough of Zen, dykes, fairies, and phoniness. That's what we all are, you know — phonies. We say we're non-conformists. However, we've built our own prisons. We've erected walls of scorn and mistrust between us and those who don't share our attitudes.

"Just look around this room." She indicated the smoke-filled espresso house. "Every one of us is conforming. The men all sport filthy clothing and filthy beards. The girls with their stretch pants or leotards don't dare to dress in any way other than what is 'acceptable.' They have no real feeling for the men whom they're sleeping with. It isn't good when you sleep with a man for no other reason than to shock society. There has to be more than that, otherwise you'll both wind up miserable.

"There isn't any real talent here. Talented people are disciplined people. We're just drifters. I don't know whether I have the courage to cut out. It takes courage, because we've all banded together out of a sense of inferiority. But I'm going to try."

It may work out for her. Many a respectable grandmother today, once shimmied her way through the Charleston, swilled her way through oceans of bathtub gin and flouted authority by rubbing shoulders and trading caresses with bootleggers and hoodlums during the roaring Twenties.

Perhaps there may still be hope for the unwashed of the coffee house sex cults.

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